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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

FEBRUARY 1918

Poetry	Muriel Stuart
	Alexander Gray
	Prof. Thomas F. Meagher
	Elizabeth Macnamara
What is to be done with the Doctors? (iii)	Bernard Shaw
Morphine	Hugh Pollard
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Letters to Veronica	James L. Geraldine
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WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

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1918	Austin Harrison
Books	

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Index to Vol. XXV.

(July to December, 1917.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This Index will be supplied post free to all readers who apply for it.

The Secretary,

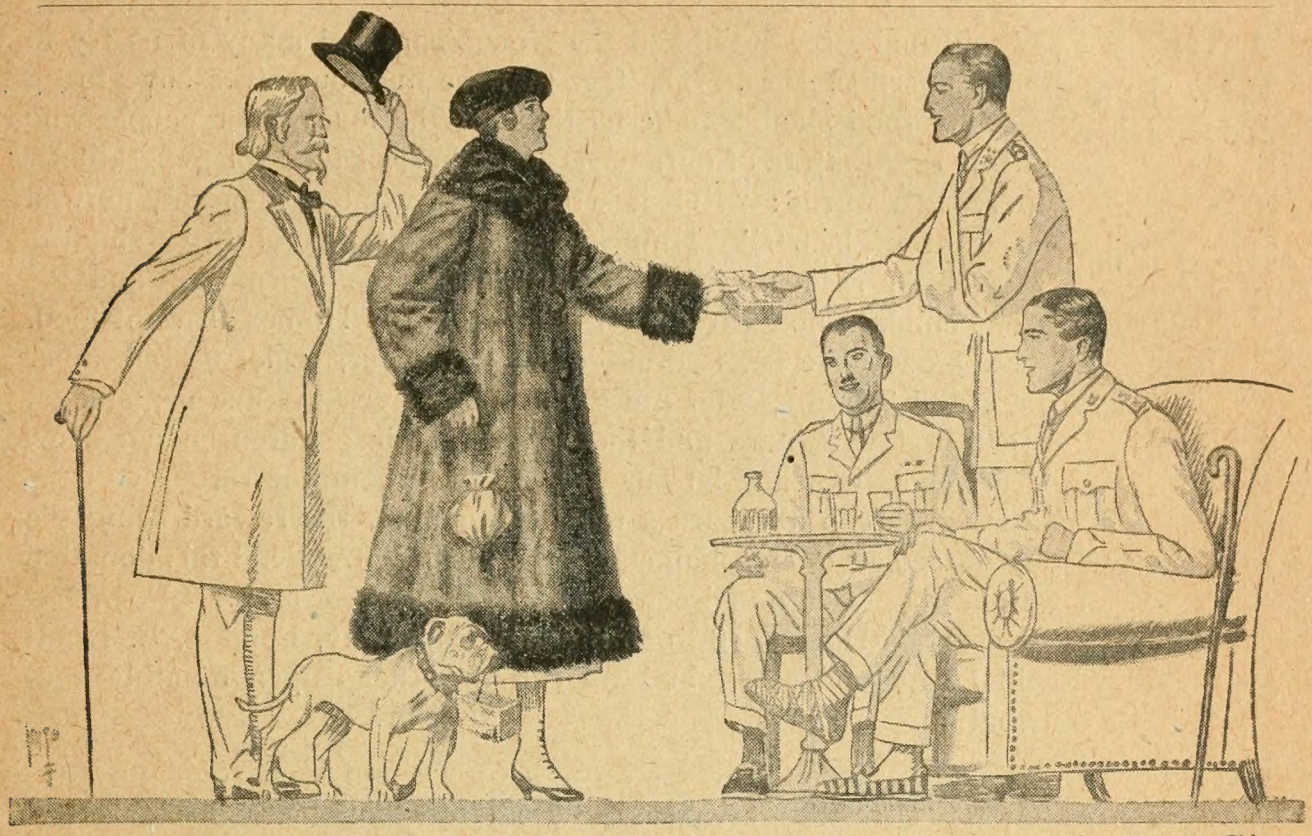
The English Review,

19, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2.

Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers

This picture, "Miss America Arrives — She Visits The Gold-Stripes," pritned in colours on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 53.



Miss America Arrives — *Episode II.* *She Visits The Gold-Stripes.*

"Awfully jolly of you to look us up so soon, Miss America."
"Why, I guess we owe you something, don't we, and we are not going to forget it. Here's a little something to go on with—a few of Uncle Sam's BEST."

Outstanding Quality alone creates the murmur of applause

THE following are a few ✶ of the opinions regarding "De Reszke" *American* Cigarettes which we have recently received from smokers whose words must carry weight. Good words from such men cannot be bought or sold. They must be won on the field of merit, where outstanding quality alone creates the murmur of applause :—

Norman McKinnel, Esq., writes :—

"I think the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes are quite delightful."

"Richard Dehan" (Author of "The Dop Doctor") writes :—

"I have always appreciated the 'De Reszke' Cigarette as one of the finest Turkish blends obtainable. I find in the 'De Reszke' *Americans* a flavour and mildness which are calculated to enhance your deservedly high reputation amongst literary and professional people."

Nigel Playfair, Esq., writes :—

"Thank you for introducing the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes, which I find excellent."

Sir Henry Lucy, J.P., writes :—

"I think the 'De Reszke' *Americans* have every quality of a good cigarette. Mild but fragrant, exceptionally well-made, they are notably free from the hot taste which mars an ordinary cigarette."

Miss Doris Keane writes :—

"Miss Doris Keane knows the 'De Reszke' *Americans* very well, and although she does not smoke herself she will use them in her house with great pleasure."

Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., writes :—

"The 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes seem to me very pleasant and mild."

★ *Numerous other opinions may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements.*

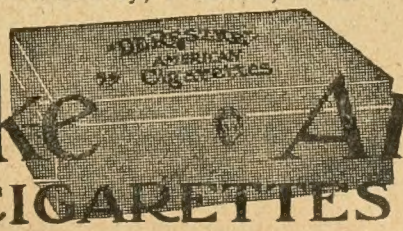
20 for 1/5

10 for 8½d., 50 for 3/6, 100 for 6/10

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 81), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

25 for 1/9



"De Reszke" American CIGARETTES

Advertisement Supplement

A Good New Year Resolution

¶ We all make resolutions in the New Year, and many of us try to make unselfish ones. The fact that we may ourselves have to go short of food should make us think of the many poor people who in this rich Empire of ours have gone short of food for generations. In Hood's words: "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." Hundreds and thousands of little children have been rescued from starvation by Dr. Barnardo, and the 7,000 children now cared for in the Barnardo Homes all want food. Over 5,000 have been admitted since the war, so let us remember Jack and Tommy, who are giving their lives to save us, and let constant loving care and thought for their children be our New Year resolution, and let our gifts to them continue throughout the year. We can all spare a ten-shilling note, the reward being the joy of feeding one orphan child for a fortnight. Send this donation to-day to the Hon. Director, Mr. Wm. Baker, M.A., LL.B., Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1. It will be a good start, and we can then keep up a monthly contribution.

The Personality behind the Cigarette

¶ All soldiers have their preferences for certain kinds of cigarettes, but the U.S.A. boys all love "De Reszke" American cigarettes, which are certainly a most welcome gift to the American troops already in France, and will be wanted in greater quantity than ever when America's fighting power is at full strength. When there are discussions about smoking less amongst civilians, there is never a question of limiting the soldier's allowance, and the steady flow of "De Reszke" cigarettes to the American lines will continue as long as the war lasts. The new American blend is altogether delightful. Its flavour is fine and rich and full, yet it is so exquisitely mild and soft that it positively cannot harm the most sensitive throat. Mr. J. Millhoff, the originator of the famous "De Reszke" cigarettes, which he made expressly for M. Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, thinks the new American blend will become more famous than the "De Reszke" Turkish. He says: "My forty years' reputation is at stake in recommending this, my life's best blend." It is hardly necessary to say more in praise of cigarettes which all smokers of Virginia will pronounce excellent. They are obtainable everywhere at popular prices, from 8½*d.* for ten, or will be sent post free from J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd., 86 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

Send him a "Swan"

¶ There is no better advice for all in doubt as to a suitable present for the soldier boy than "Send him a Swan." Writing home and keeping a diary are probably his chief diversions, and for legibility and cleanliness in caligraphy the "Swan" is unsurpassed. The men love it, the "Censors" love it, for pencil scrawls are not a joy to decipher, and certainly the recipient at home, who hangs upon every word that brings assurance of safety from the loved one

They need "Swan" Pens

REMEMBER, your soldier uses or misses, according to his means, the fleeting opportunities for writing home. Equipped with a "Swan" Pen he is prepared at any time, almost under any conditions, to write you. The rigorous test of the war has proved this. Send him a "Swan": he will value and appreciate it.

THE "SWAN" FOUNT PEN.

The "Swan" Pen has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable it can be loaded with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

At pre-war prices from 10/6

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. Associate House—New York and Chicago.

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

who dwells in daily peril, is glad to have those words clear and readable, as they always are when formed with the smooth gold nib of the world-famous "Swan" fount-pen. Furthermore, the "Swan" has a more intimate character than an ordinary pen. It becomes a part of oneself, a treasured possession, a personal friend. It proves in itself an inspiration in writing, for it calls up a vision perhaps of the dear one who gave it as a parting gift. One fingers it affectionately as a link with home, and carries it to the far ends of the earth with its useful little refill ink tabloids as a precious and essential part of one's equipment.

A Mild and Fragrant Tobacco

¶ Wherever one meets a wounded soldier it seems the right thing to see that he smokes, and for that reason all theatres have relaxed their rules on smoking, and at all hospitals men while away the long, dull hours of pain with the fragrant weed. Player's "Country Life" tobacco and cigarettes have been specially recommended for distribution to wounded British soldiers and sailors in military hospitals at home and at the front, at duty-free prices. The cigarettes, which are particularly mild and soothing to smoke, are sold in pink packets at 4½*d.* for ten, and in blue packets at 4*d.* for ten, and the tobacco, in mild and medium strengths, is 8½*d.* an ounce and 2*s.* 10*d.* a quarter-pound tin. On application to Messrs. John Player and Sons, Nottingham, one can get special terms for quantities, duty free, for soldiers. "Country Life" cigarettes are so mild that any number can be smoked without any harmful result, a great recommendation in favour of their being distributed amongst the wounded.

The New "Electric Servant"

¶ In the new democracy there will be no servants in the old sense of the word. There will be communal service rendered by educated women who have been trained in domestic arts. They will serve in the public kitchens, and have visiting hours for private houses and flats. Most women are already awake to the fact that servants are gradually disappearing like "Alice's Cheshire cat." The servantless house is most certainly the ideal house, and every woman can run it easily and satisfactorily if she follows the American precedent of fitting it electrically. In this country we have not progressed universally so far as electricity is concerned. We use it for lighting, but for little else. We have yet to learn that it can be made to do practically all the housework, including vacuum-cleaning, cooking, laundry, and dish-washing. The American woman has long enjoyed the delight and cleanliness of the electrical house, and has found it not only a valuable time-saver, but a money-saver as well. That is the point of the utmost importance in recommending the freer use of electricity—its economical advantages from every aspect. We have been too apt to dismiss it as expensive without going into the question, and there has hitherto been some justification where it has been necessary to employ an engineer to keep the plant in order.

Since the introduction of the "Lister-Bruston" automatic electric lighting plant, however, all this has been changed. This plant has been a great innovation, especially so far as country houses

THE ORIGIN OF GOUT

HOW TO DETECT URIC ACID SYMPTOMS

URIC acid, the fundamental cause of all gouty suffering, is in reality a normal product of the human system, owing its existence partly to its introduction into the body as a constituent of certain classes of food, and partly as a result of the natural tissue changes—the wearing out and repairing processes constantly going on.

As soon almost as uric acid gets into your circulation from either of these sources it gives you evidence of its disturbing presence by certain well-defined symptoms, which are Nature's signals of impending gouty outbreaks. You feel out of sorts, heavy, and dull, especially in the mornings; your liver is out of order; you are restless, easily irritated, and sleep badly. You suffer from dyspepsia, flatulence, and heartburn. You are depressed, and trifling little affairs worry you. You have persistent and severe headaches. You frequently experience sensations of burning and irritation in the skin, or occasional twinges of pain in your joints, or there may be stiffness in joints and muscles, and dull aches in various parts of your body.

GOUTY PROGRESS.

In course of time, as the uric acid is thrown out of your blood and deposited in solid form in the tissues, joints, or organs, more definite and well-recognised forms of gout develop. When the uric acid crystals are spread over, or become embedded in the muscles, gouty rheumatism or lumbago results. At first there is only a slight sensation of stiffness, and an occasional catch of pain. Gradually, as the atoms congregate and the sharp crystals bore their resistless way into the substance of the muscle, they increase the stiffness, and the piercing of the penetrating acicular crystals causes the sharp, cutting pain that tortures sufferers from gouty rheumatism. This is the term employed when the muscles of the limbs and shoulders are affected, while lumbago is the name applied when the loin muscles particularly are involved. In the latter case the pain comes on usually in the morning, and is of a dull, gnawing character, greatly aggravated on movement of the body, especially when attempting to rise from a recumbent position. Exposure to cold or damp often precipitates an attack of these ailments, whilst a slight injury, an accidental blow or knock, or a strain of the muscles, will act in a similar fashion.

THE WORST FORMS OF GOUT.

Other varieties of gouty suffering are chronic, or rheumatic gout, arising from the clogging uratic deposits in the joints, and attended by swelling, inflammation, pain, and stiffness; sciatica and neuritis when the nerve-sheaths are penetrated by the sharp crystals, which cause the hot, stabbing pain in thighs or arms; kidney stone and gravel, which are simply deposits of urates in the organs; and gouty eczema, the inevitable result of uric acid forcing its way into the skin.

As long as uric acid remains in the system so long will the pain and agony caused by its presence continue. The uratic masses must be converted into soluble substances, and swept out of the body before permanent relief can be obtained. It has been conclusively demonstrated that Bishop's Varalettes, acknowledged to be the most generally effective uric acid solvents and eliminants known, are the one remedy that really accomplish this. They go directly to the root of the matter, and expel uric acid from the system. The rational and scientific mode of action of Bishop's Varalettes is bound to result in successful alleviation of gouty suffering.

Bishop's Varalettes are made by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists of the highest standing, who have for very many years made uric acid solvents a subject of special study. Their investigations into this branch of chemistry have enabled them to place in the hands of the medical profession and gouty subjects a remedy that is at once reliable, safe, and sure. Physicians recognise and acknowledge this by prescribing Bishop's Varalettes daily.

Bishop's Varalettes are free from any harmful ingredients, such as colchicum, iodides, mercury, potash, salicylates, and do not contain any purgative, narcotic, or anodyne drugs, so that even delicate subjects can take them with absolute confidence. They do not depress or lower the system in any way.

Bishop's Varalettes dissolve readily in any beverage, forming a refreshing, briskly effervescing, sparkling draught. They are quite tasteless, and so do not interfere with the flavour of the liquid in which they may be taken.

DIET AND GOUT.

There is scarcely any subject that gives rise to more discussion, or, at times, proves more perplexing, than the all-engrossing one of foods and drinks suitable for the goutily inclined. Popular opinions on this subject are so often quite erroneous that it will be welcome news to you that a booklet has been recently published dealing with the whole question of diet in a clear, authoritative, and comprehensive manner.

No difficulty in future need arise in arranging pleasant, varied, and satisfying menus, made up wholly of uric-acid-free dishes. Classified lists are published of allowable and non-allowable foods, and the booklet forms a perfect guide for the gouty. It contains, in addition, a mass of useful information on the whole subject of uric acid disorders, which it briefly but clearly describes, and cannot fail to be of great value, as well as interest, to you.

A copy will be sent, post free, on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop (Limited), Manufacturing Chemists, established 1857, 48 Spelman Street, London, E.1. Please write for Booklet C.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials, at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 5s. 6d. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the sole makers, as above.

are concerned. It can be started or stopped by turning on a switch in the house. It can be managed by an unskilled worker—it has no large storage batteries, supplies current direct to lamps, is self-contained and sent out ready for erection, and gives a clear, steady light. In addition to lighting, this plant produces current for cooking, vacuum-cleaning, and other purposes, and when one balances the initial expenditure with the immense saving of expenditure when the installation is at work, no woman would hesitate in investing her money in this valuable automatic plant.

The keep and wages of two servants for one year cost more than the "Lister-Bruston" plant. In meat cooked in a gas or coal oven the loss is about four times more than that cooked electrically. One could enumerate a hundred instances of saving in food alone, to say nothing of washing, ironing, and various other essential household tasks performed by this willing and wonderful electric slave; but enough has already been said to convince women readers that here is a real economy proposition to which they should give serious and careful thought now and in the homes of the future. They should write for a catalogue and estimate to the sole makers, Messrs. R. A. Lister and Co., Ltd. (Dept. B 16), Dursley, Gloucestershire; or those who can should pay a personal visit to the London office of the Company at 47, Victoria-street, Westminster, where plants can be seen at work.

A. E. M. B.

PLAYER'S
"Country Life"
Tobacco & Cigarettes.

Tobacco
MILD & MEDIUM STRENGHS
8½D. PER OZ.
2/10 PER ¼-lb. Tin

Cigarettes
PINK PACKET
10 for 4½D.
BLUE PACKET
10 for 4D.

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers & Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home & for the Front at Duty Free Prices. Terms on application to:—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM

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BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

Mr. MURRAY'S LATEST BOOKS

THE MUSE IN ARMS. A Collection of War Poems, for the most part written in the Field of Action. Edited, with an Introduction, by E. B. OSBORN. **6s.** net.

"This is a book which will become a present possession and a permanent treasure, as 'the first-fruits of them that slept.' . . . A rich and covetable legacy to the nation."—*Morning Post.*

"The best reassurance that the springs of English poetry have not run dry."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE LIFE OF SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S. By Admiral Sir ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, K.C.B. With Illustrations. **15s.** net.

"Admiral Markham has produced a narrative which should appeal alike to those conversant with his hero's scientific work, and to the general reader."—*Scotsman.*

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAGGIE BENSON. By her brother, ARTHUR C. BENSON, C.V.O., LL.D., Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. With Portraits and Illustrations. **7s. 6d.** net.

Margaret Benson, the daughter of a talented house, had for her special gift the power of philosophic thought and an inward flow of religion. She was an inspirer of others; and this sketch aims at being not the history of a career, but the revelation of a character which even in the closing days of physical break-down, proves that the inner fire still has power to sustain and uplift.

BASIL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster. A Memoir. By the Rt. Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. With Portrait. **8s.** net.

Both the subject and the author are so well-known that a detailed description of the book is unnecessary. Mr. Russell, apart from his literary skill, possesses this special qualification for the task that he was one of Archdeacon Wilberforce's most intimate friends.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

IMPRESSIONS

THE MOST INTERESTING BUSINESS MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

FRANK and fearless in its expressions of opinion, this magazine has come to the very first line in record time. There are no technical articles. It is stimulating and inspiring, and deals with that better business—The Business of Living. It is intended for broadminded people who understand the necessity for hard work and enterprise, but do not take life too seriously.

THE Subscription list of IMPRESSIONS is the most valuable "Who's Who?" of business now available, and becomes more valuable and complete every day. IMPRESSIONS contains just plain straight talk about what most people think but do not care to say. Big business men read IMPRESSIONS as their monthly tonic. Those not so high in the ladder of success read it as an inspiration to make them mentally big.

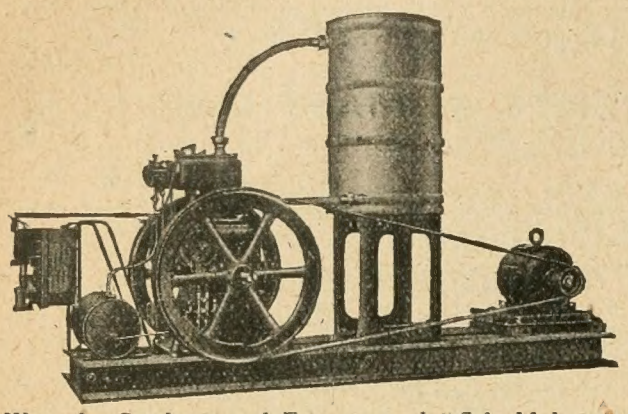
IMPRESSIONS is a big magazine of 48 pages 11″ × 9″. Even if you disagree entirely with the editorials you will find the advertisements worth the money.

The Subscription Price is 5/- a year. A sample copy may be had for six penny stamps.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE, 76, Hanover Street, EDINBURGH.

DISPELLING THE GLOOM OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE

by the simplest and most efficient means



THE

Lister-Bruston

Automatic Electric Lighting Plant

Can be started or stopped by turning a switch in the house.

Can be managed by an unskilled workman or a maid.

Has no large storage batteries.

Supplies current direct to lamps.

Is self-contained and sent out ready for erection.

Produces current for Cooking, Vacuum-cleaning and other purposes.

Gives a clear, steady light.

The system is also specially suited to the needs of Clubs, Churches, Business Premises, Hotels, Hospitals & Sanatoria.

Write for Catalogue and Estimate to the Sole Makers:

R. A. LISTER & Co. Ltd.,
(Dept. B16), DURSLEY, GLOS.

London Office:
47, Victoria Street, Westminster
(where plants can be seen at work).

ESTABLISHED 1867.

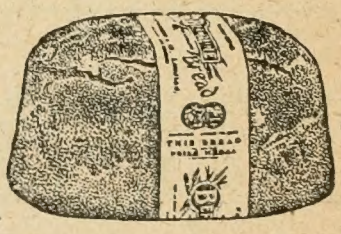
RADIUM TREATMENT
FOR
GOUT & RHEUMATISM

RADIUM has proved the most reliable agent for eliminating Rheumatism and Gout from the system. The marvellous rays from Radium penetrate to the seat of pain, resolve the dreaded acid crystals into the component parts, render them soluble, and expel them in Nature's way. Radior Special Pads are GUARANTEED (under £500 penalty) to contain Actual Radium and to remain Radio-Active at least 20 years. Comfortable to wear, never lose power, no embrocation, rubbing, or other treatment required. No renewals. No further cost. Price ONE GUINEA each at

Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, Barkers, Army & Navy Stores, Boots, *The Chemists, All Branches.*

Or Post Free, with fully Illustrated Explanatory Book from

THE RADIOR CO., 167, Oxford St., W. 1



BERMALINE

THE loaf which retains its excellent character at all times. It varies not. Bermaline Best Brown Bread is always exceptionally enjoyable, digestible and nutritious. The food value is greater than ordinary Bread.

Send for Free Sample Loaf and name of nearest Bermaline Baker. Address:

Bermaline Mills,
Ibrox, Glasgow.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

Your first peace-pipe of "Three Nuns" is something worth looking forward to—it will smoke the sweeter for a consciousness of duty done ...

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

King's Head is stronger
Both sold at 9½d. per oz

Three Nuns Cigarettes

MEDIUM

4½d. for 10 ; 9d. for 20
Cardboard boxes of 50—1/9½

574

The Food in Illness

THE sick person has no taste for food, yet strength must be maintained at all costs. It is not possible to use a more satisfactory food than the 'Allenburys' DIET, which has answered when all other kinds of food have failed. The following unsolicited testimonials from Medical Men, are taken from among many.

A Doctor writes:—

"I consider it a first-class Diet, not only in illness, but also in those cases where every other kind of food seems to disagree."

(SIGNED).....M.B.

Another Doctor writes:—

"During recent family illness I found your Diet a most convenient and nourishing food, and many a time when preparing it in the 'small hours' for the patient I secretly blessed you for your valuable product."

(SIGNED).....L R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

Soothes, Nourishes, Restores.

The 'Allenburys' DIET For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 2/- and 4/- each of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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PEACE

"SHE LOVES ME!···SHE LOVES ME NOT!"···

The first reproduction of an original painting by Jacques d'Or to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

THE DAWN OF THE INEVITABLE.

An Allegory by H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

MARS the Destroyer, the Incarnate Spirit of Militarism, battered, bleeding, and even a little wearied, seeks to capture the Angel of Peace and bend her to his will.

Of a sudden it dawns upon his blood-fuddled brain that the Angel of Peace and the Spirit of Democracy are one, and that Peace, though within grasp, is not the captive of his sword, nor can she be seduced by Force.

Note how in his clumsy wooing her dainty foot is fettered by his brutal hoof—her kindly hand enchained by his defiling arm. In ruthless pique because no quick response is made to his advances, lasciviously he plucks her wings, and throws them to the earth—"She loves me!—She loves me not!"

Bruised—half beaten, battle worn, and weary as he is—she has been bruised the more. But strong in the knowledge that myriads of supporters are coming to her aid, she fights against the annexation of her inviolate will. For no marriage is possible between this ill-assorted pair. His hunted, puzzled stare betrays his fear of the morrow, for, ere the morrow dawns, the powers of Democracy will surely overwhelm him and thrust the tired sword beside him into his bloody heart.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

7,000

CHILDREN NEED FOOD.

Please help them in these times of high food prices.

The Homes are caring for Soldiers' and Sailors' Children.

5,359 Children admitted since War broke out.

WILL YOU SEND A

10/- GIFT?

Private Robinson bringing his motherless bairns to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least a fortnight you are supporting one orphan child.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed, may be addressed to the Honorary Director: WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., LL.B., DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

10,356 Barnardo Boys are serving their country in the Army and Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Please mention "English Review," February, 1918, when remitting.

NEAR by the Old Trongate, Glasgow, is the home of 'Smith's Glasgow Mixture,' the most perfect blend of the finest American and Oriental Tobaccos sold to-day.

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow.
Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"**
High-Class Virginian Cigarettes

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 8½d. oz.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S281

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1918

It's Rose Time Here . . .*

By Muriel Stuart

IT'S rose time here. . . .
How could the Spring
Be the same merry thing?
How could she sparkle April's posy ring
Upon the finger of this widowed year?
How could she bring
Her gauds so pitilessly near?
How could she bear
To lead the pomp of May,
The primings and the promises of June
So near, so soon,
In the old happy way?
How could she dare
To prick the eyes of Grief
With mockeries of returning bud and leaf?
How could she wear
Such coloured broideries
Beside the tattered garments of despair?
Tenting the hills with April's canopies,
Setting the tulips' spears. . . .
How could she keep her tourneys through such
tears?

She did not care. . . .
The roses are as beautiful this year.
The lily never doffed
One golden plume, nor did the may renounce
One thrilling splendour, nor wear one pearl less.

* This poem must not be recited in public, except by permission of the author.

She has not grieved—even a little space—
For those who loved her once—
For those whom surely she must once have loved.

It's rose time here. . . .
While over there,
Where all the roses of the world have blown,
The blood is not dried upon their hair,
Their eyes have scarcely filmed against the moon,
The sun has not yet utterly gone out;
Almost the stained grass still
Is conscious of their breath—
Those heavenly roses, torn and tossed about
On the vast plains of Death.

It's rose time here. . . .
(How I shall always hate the Spring
For being such a calm, untroubled thing!)
While over there—
Where there're no children left to pull
The few scared, ragged flowers—
All that was ours, and, God, how beautiful!
All, all, that once was ours
Lies faceless, mouthless, mire in mire,
So lost to all sweet semblance of desire
That we, in those fields seeking desperately
One face long-lost to Love, one face that lies
Only upon the breast of Memory,
Would never know it, even though we stood
Upon its brow, or crushed its dreadful eyes,
Would never find it—even the very blood
Is stamped into the horror of the mud,—
Something that mad men trample under foot
In the narrow trench—for these things are not men—
Things shapeless, sodden, mute
Beneath the monstrous limber of the guns;
Those things that loved us once. . . .
Those that were ours, but never ours again.

It's rose time here. . . .

On Completing a Task

By Alexander Gray

I HAVE been long a bondsman; I have spent
The days in loveless labour, and have grudged
The hours of slumber. I have toiled and drudged
To reach the goal on which my eyes were bent.
This year I have not heard the yorling sing,
Nor seen the ploughed land clothe itself in green,
Nor corn-fields turning yellow. All unseen
Autumn has followed summer, summer spring.

I said, when this is ended I will seek
The golden fields where reapers bind the sheaves,
And hear the bleating of the moorland sheep.
And now,—my eyes are dim, my hands are weak;
I do not ask to see the drifting leaves—
Grant me, O Lord, Thy gift, the gift of sleep.

Dreams

By Prof. Thomas F. Meagher

A LOCK of dear dark hair,
I loose its folded waves,
And twine it round;
And sunshine glistens there,
And music fills the caves
With faery-sound.

I wanton with its rings,
And from its strands
Make fancy-forms
Of faery-things,
In far-off faery-lands
Beyond life's storms.

Her Piano

By Elizabeth Macnamara

With faded silken pleats,
Rose-wood, and fret-work—chippèd keys
Of rusty black, and yellow ivories—
Against the frame I lean, which throbs and beats
A far off echo of her tragedies
Crashed forth in wild despair,
Through passionate sad symphonies.

"Too late, too late!" My shocked heart says to me,
"Why was this form of wood and string
"The sole recipient of her sorrowing?"

Though Heaven's vast courts are now perchance her sphere,
And she has place in Angels' psalmody—
I press the notes . . . not vast Eternity!
But here—but here——

What is to be done with the Doctors? (iii)

By Bernard Shaw

BEFORE any repairs can be intelligently planned, some knowledge of the present constitution of the profession must be acquired. The reformer finds himself face-to-face with two bodies: the State-constituted General Medical Council with incredibly oppressive powers and the usual remarkably bad middle-class manners, and a very completely organized trade union called the British Medical Association, employing all the characteristic weapons of trade unionism and syndicalism with a skill and ruthlessness impossible to our less instructed and more sentimental unions of labourers and mechanics. It was this union that, by the threat of a general strike, brought Mr. Lloyd George to his knees over the Insurance Act. Virtually, the State-created powers of the General Medical Council are at the disposal of the British Medical Association, which is thus enabled to employ the weapon of the boycott against non-unionists with crushing effect, as it can have blacklegs struck off the register for "infamous professional conduct," a statutory phrase which is made to cover any sort of conduct, however laudable from the point of view of general morality, which damages the commercial interests of the profession.

Here, as many educated people are still ignorant enough to suppose that trade unionism is in itself discreditable and anti-social, it must be admitted, and indeed insisted, that the professional organization of doctors in a trade union is as necessary and, on the whole, as socially beneficial as the organization of the miners or steel smelters. But what would be said if Parliament conferred on the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress the power of discrediting and ruining any person who

practised coal hewing or steel smelting without its licence, or who assisted any person so practising, or who saved any person employing an unlicensed person from acute suffering. Suppose, in addition to this, none of us could go into a tool-shop and buy a hammer without paying a fee to a licensed artisan, and obtaining a paper signed by him to certify that we needed the hammer to knock in a nail and not to knock out our mother's brains! It is evident that such legislation would be impossible under existing circumstances. Why, then, has it been actually passed in the case of the doctors? Simply because we believe doctors to have miraculous powers, recondite knowledge, and divine wisdom. Now the fact is that they have no more miraculous powers than any other skilled worker has. They have no knowledge that is out of the reach of any layman who cares to acquire it: in fact, it may be doubted whether two per cent. of our general practitioners know as much science as an average lay frequenter of the Royal Institution or University Extension lectures. And as to their wisdom, themselves have testified, through the mouths of Almroth Wright, Watson Cheyne, Hadwen, and many another, that their understandings have all the normal human infirmities and some specially inculcated professional ones as well. The objection to the British Medical Association is not that it is a trade union employing all the regular weapons of trade unionism and syndicalism, but that Parliament, by means of the General Medical Council, has placed within its grasp powers which are jealously and properly denied not merely to all other trade unions, but to the Church, the Throne, and even to Parliament itself. To speak of the medical profession as a priesthood is to understate the case. No priest, no Consistory, no Church has such legal powers over the lay community and over its own members as the General Medical Council. To take the simplest and most obvious instance: no priest can legally compel a citizen to have his child baptized. But the doctor can and does compel the citizen to have his child vaccinated, even when other children of his have already been killed by the operation. A British rector cannot be deprived of his living without a process so elaborate and so fenced about with provisions for his defence that no rector who has any business to be in the

Church at all suffers the slightest sense of insecurity or fear of persecution; but a doctor can be unfrocked in ten minutes by a handful of other doctors sitting without legal assessors or responsibility to any but themselves. Their proceedings and their decision may in any particular case be so scandalous that articles appear in leading magazines and in *The Times* denouncing them, and the most distinguished persons sign public protests. The General Medical Council receives all such remonstrances with the thumb to the nose.

What is to be done? One step can be taken without any new legislation, and should have been taken from the beginning, which, by the way, is no further back than 1858. The General Medical Council should, for the protection of the laity and for the protection of the profession itself, be reinforced by a majority of laymen. The General Medical Council is a Government department subordinate to the Privy Council. It is made up of nine representatives of the medical corporations, eighteen of the Universities, five nominees of the Government, and six elected representatives of the registered practitioners. Thus the nominees of the Universities and of the Government outnumber the medical members by twenty-three to fifteen; and there is nothing in the constitution of the Council to prevent the Universities or the Government from not only nominating Mr. Barker or any osteopath, masseur, or homœopath, but from making it a rule to nominate laymen only, and thus prevent the Council from being, as it is at present, virtually a committee of a trade union, and from using for commercial purposes powers so extraordinary, and indeed outrageous, that even the highest political and religious public organizations would not be trusted with them if they were so foolish as to demand them.

But even if the General Medical Council were thus made a public body instead of a professional conspiracy, the representatives of the laity would still have to make up their minds as to a practical policy of reform. And one of the first discoveries they would make is that an adequate national medical service on the basis of private practice is a commercial impossibility. The apparently

conclusive retort to this is that the alleged impossibility exists, as the private doctor is actually meeting the medical needs of the people as effectually as the baker and the butcher, and only fails where they fail equally: that is, when the patient or the customer is penniless. To which it must be at once firmly replied that the so-called medical service is, as to four-fifths of it, a delusion and a pretence, and that this is proved by the fact that when the required service is of such a nature that no pretence is possible, only about one-tenth of the population can afford to pay for it out of their private resources.

To illustrate, let us take two branches of the first importance: obstetric practice and dental surgery. Childbirth is an operation as to which pretence is not feasible. The doctor cannot persuade the patient that a few minutes conversation and a bottle of water flavored with some cheap phosphate syrup, plus a payment on her part of anything from sixpence to half-a-crown, will leave her convalescing with her child safely in her arms. Nor can the same process excavate and fill up a decaying tooth, and supply the elaborate dentures which are needed to take the place of lost ones. Dr. Dulcamara at the fair, or the village blacksmith, or the local druggist in his back parlor may extract a tooth, violently or dexterously as the case may be, for no more than the doctor asks for doing it in his surgery *tant bien que mal*, just as the nearest pugilist may, uninvited, do it for nothing. But no civilized man, except the negligible, if not fabulous, few who celebrate their ninetieth birthday without a single unsound tooth in their heads, can have their teeth kept in order without occupying so much of the time of a highly trained operator and his skilled mechanic, and using so much costly material, that the fees must be counted in guineas and not in sixpences. Even at that the temptation to take short cuts by putting in work that will not last is more than most dentists can afford to resist.

What is the consequence? Most mothers are delivered not by a registered doctor but by a midwife, as to whom the utmost that it has been possible for the law to exact is that if certain grave symptoms occur she must send for a doctor. As to dentistry, most people do not have their

teeth attended to at all, and suffer much pain and evil in consequence; while of those who do, the great majority are treated by unregistered practitioners; so that the unregistered dentists are actually more powerful, because more numerous and better organized, than the registered ones. Some of them are no doubt quite as expert, and perhaps none of them are so unskilful, as the ordinary doctor who pulls out a tooth in his surgery; but still they are either collectively self-registered (like the doctors) or have no standing or training except what they pick up in practice at the expense of their patients. Even counting these last under the heading of "*bonâ-fide* practitioners" with the registered and unregistered dentists, the existing supply of dentists falls ruinously short of the need for them, the reason being that there is not a living in dentistry except in practices in which the patients belong to that ten per cent. of the population which owns ninety per cent. of the land, capital, and secondary education of the country.

Precisely the same difficulty arises with the masseur and the osteopath. Both of them have to spend at least half an hour of highly skilled and vigorous labor on each patient. Neither of them is supposed to employ drugs, though he may drop into tabloid druggery as Mr. Wegg dropped into poetry, as a friend, not as an osteopath or masseur. Therefore he must also charge fees on the dental scale; and four-fifths of the population must go without his services accordingly.

Those who have already forgotten my opening pages will now ask why, because the work of the obstetric surgeon, the masseur, and the osteopath takes so much time, the work of the doctor, who can diagnose all human ailments at a glance, or, at worst, after feeling the pulse and looking at the tongue, should not be comparatively cheap and plentiful. The answer, of course, is that he cannot do anything of the sort, and, in so far as he pretends to be able to do it, is a dangerous impostor. There are, it is true, many ailments which anyone with clinical experience can recognise at a glance. A bad cold or a gumboil, an attack of smallpox or a broken arm, need not puzzle anybody, much less a doctor; and an experienced doctor can go much further than this by simply keeping his nose open.

But the huge burden of pain and disablement under which the world groans is due only in small part to ailments of this class. It is the periodical or chronic indisposition due to obscure lesions that drains the vitality and lowers the productivity of a nation, and that incidentally makes fortunes for druggists and for the ground landlords of chalybeate springs, as well as incomes for doctors. All these chronic cases are simply undiagnosed cases; and they are undiagnosed because the doctor cannot afford to diagnose them. I once discussed with an expert the economic question of what an ordinary general practitioner would have to charge if he were asked to vaccinate a millionaire's child in a completely scientific manner according to the latest theory of Wrectified Immunization. We finally guessed it roughly at about £2,000, which would include the provision of a properly equipped laboratory and the acquirement of the Wright technique. Yet the Wright technique is a very cheap one. If the millionaire required, instead, the diagnosis of some ailment that cost him a couple of months' *malaise* and disablement every year, and made him wish he were a healthy railway porter, such a range of laboratories and experts might be needed (as at Battle Creek) as would multiply the £2,000 by ten.

Still, if the millionaire provided the necessary funds, it might be possible to keep the laboratories and experts going by treating the general public at prices within the means of moderately-well-off patients. This possibility has led in the past to the establishment by private enterprise of sanatoria of various kinds, from the tubs of Mesmer and Dr. Graham's Celestial Bed (at which Nelson's Emma Hamilton was an attendant angel) to the Water Cures or Hydropathics of the nineteenth century and the Open-air Cures and Sun Baths, the Battle Creeks, Nordrachs, and Weisser Hirschs of the twentieth. But all these places are under a steady economic pressure which eventually and inevitably changes them into more or less expensive hotels. For a time the inmates are patients, and are really ill, or fancy they are. But friends who wish to visit them, and relatives who wish to stay with them, provide the proprietors with a very convenient means of making money out of empty rooms which would otherwise be eating their heads off. All the amenities so carefully arranged, includ-

ing the healthy climate and the fine situation, are as attractive to the patient when he has recovered as when he is under treatment; and he returns as a simple holiday-maker to the place he discovered as an invalid. For a time a valetudinarian air may hang about the institution; but sooner or later the laboratories and surgeries and gymnasia are converted into ordinary domestic rooms; the experts find their occupation gone, as nobody requires their services; and the general craze for baths deprives such utensils of any special significance. In the end one goes to "The Hydro" exactly as one goes to The Metropole; and a demand for hydropathic treatment as part of the routine of the establishment would create as much amazement as a demand for extreme unction as part of the routine of a variety theatre. And at no stage of the process, from its inception in therapeutics to its culmination in golfing, does it come within the reach of the submerged nine-tenths.

Under existing economic circumstances, then, public health cannot be provided for by private practice or private enterprise of any sort as far as modern therapeutics are concerned. But it does not follow that the class which can afford to pay for adequate treatment should be left at the mercy of the medical trade union merely because it consists largely of the undeserving rich. A good deal has been done in America, the fatherland of osteopathy, and in Sweden, the fatherland of modern massage, to deliver the layman from the yoke of Dr. Diafoirus. America is specially interested because of the number and variety of the State laws and the overwhelming vogue of osteopathy. The arrangements arrived at fall under two main types. Either the osteopaths have achieved the status of an independent examining and qualifying body, with a recognized register which gives the D.O. the privileges of the M.D., or they are represented on the State equivalent to our General Medical Council, and have modified the examinations so as to allow any student who so desires to drop *materia medica* altogether, and qualify in practical therapeutics as an osteopath, his examination in the osteopathic branch being conducted without hostile prejudice by osteopaths. In anatomy, physiology, and all the subjects which are common to the two systems, as well as in the preliminary

general cultural qualification by an Arts examination, or by the production of certificates of a minimum of high school education, the osteopath and the ordinary traditional doctor pass the same ordeal.

The latter is obviously the wisest solution for the medical profession. It is better to be catholic, and assimilate all the sects, than exclusive, like the Church of England, and lose grip of the laity. Whether it is equally desirable for the dissenters is another question. But, on the whole, most of them would be satisfied if the existing D.O.s, like the established dentists in 1878, were admitted to the register as "*bonâ-fide* practitioners" without being compelled to go to school again. Some such exception is necessary at every advance in registration, and affects only one generation. The result of refusing it in the past was that the passing of an examination by old hands became a question of paying fees, answering questions about the weather, and remarking that measles are now too serious to be neglected; and this did not tend to the good repute of certain medical degrees, as those old enough to remember the first effects of the Act of 1858 can testify.

On the whole, if the General Medical Council would modernize and specialize its examination so as to provide for the registration of osteopaths, Swedish medical gymnasts, and Kellgren masseurs, without imposing economically impossible years of study on them; if it guaranteed the good faith of these arrangements by the presence of representatives of these techniques on its own body; and if it made the usual provision for qualification by "*bonâ-fide* practice" of those already recognized and certified by their own colleges, there need be no more troubles as between the practitioners themselves.

But how about the public? Once admitted to the medical trade union, the new directorate would be no whit less exclusive or less subject to economic pressure than the old. No M.D. speaks of a D.O. as contemptuously as the D.O. speaks of the chiropractor, or the Kellgren masseur of the nurse who has paid a doctor ten guineas to teach her massage in a month. When their own competition is admitted, the newly registered members will join in the struggle of the British Medical Association to prevent outsiders from practising as keenly as any trade union

limits the number of apprentices, or bars polytechnic-trained youths as "no tradesmen." Already they are faced with a new departure which scandalizes them far more than they have scandalized the old Diafoiruses: a departure that undertakes to meet the mighty challenge of Shakespear. Macbeth asked the doctor whether he could minister to a mind diseased, or pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow. Being told that "therein the patient must minister to himself," he exclaimed, "Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it." But Mrs. Eddy with her Christian Science, and Freud with his psycho-analysis, have taken up the challenge. Freud's system is precisely one of plucking rooted sorrows from the memory. Neither Freud nor Mrs. Eddy may be quite convincing; but they are at least as likely as Farmer Jesty once was to dominate a century of medicine and have Acts of Parliament passed to compel whole nations to accept their therapeutics; and Christian Science and Mental Healing and Psycho-analysis have only to find their Jenner or their Wright or their Still or Ling or Hahnemann (what about Dr. Crichton Miller?) to confront a future united General Medical Council of M.D.s and D.O.s and masseurs and homœopaths with a new heresy that will threaten them all impartially. But even in drugging itself, revolutions are threatened. The current mechanical and chemical theories of the action of drugs are obviously irrelevant to living organisms; and Mr. Raphael Roche, with his revival of specific medicine, and Professor Starling, with his "harmones," may upset the whole shelf of medicine bottles as alarmingly as Hahnemann did. In short, the whole trouble will have to be gone through periodically until we are wise enough to make the medical expert subject to the lay representative, as he would be in any political concern, and to take out of his hands decisively and on principle the keys to his own profession. Nothing in our constitution is quainter than the fact that in religion, the thing we pretend to believe in, we are so jealous of the expert that a clergyman is actually legally disqualified from sitting in Parliament, whereas in medicine, the thing as to which we are abjectly and superstitiously credulous, we do not dare to send even one layman to represent us in the medical Star Chamber, though we have full power to do so.

On one point lay control must be supreme. All trade union experience shews that the doors of a trade or profession must not be guarded, either for entrance or exit, by the members inside. Limitation of output to keep up prices, limitation of apprentices to keep up wages or fees, specialization of qualification to keep out candidates of certain social classes and religious sects, fossilization of the curriculum to keep out new methods, abortion of new discoveries to fit them to obsolete conditions, deliberate persecution of original, independent, or critical individuals, and all the tricks by which moribund institutions and harassed competitive breadwinners struggle for life, are anti-social; and it should not be in the power of any sectional body, much less one pecuniarily interested in them, to enforce them by powers of expulsion and professional ruin. No man's livelihood and reputation, much less the progress of science, should be at the mercy of an irresponsible clique of autocrats. The sentence of ruin for "infamous professional conduct" must not be passed, nor the case tried, by the profession. On the principle of setting a doctor to catch a doctor the medical corporations may be allowed to indict a practitioner, though they should have no exclusive right in the matter; but they should not have the power to lynch him; for the law of court-medical, like the law of court-martial, is no law at all. The College of Physicians, at a period when its examination occupied half an hour or less, insisted on membership of the Church of England as a qualification. If the General Medical Council had that power at present, it would probably exclude as unscientific any profession of religious faith of any sort.

There is no reason to fear that a really public court would establish a lower code of professional conduct than that now in force: it would almost certainly improve on it. But it would certainly modify such traditions as that the doctor must not advertize. It would hardly be so inhuman as to throw on the struggling general practitioner the expense of publishing a professional card in *The Daily Mail* every week as an actor does in *The Era*; and it would certainly not encourage him to announce "Biggest and Best Bottle in Bermondsey for Sixpence: Three Babies Cured of Croup last week." But it would not strike him off the

register because his name appeared as physician to a joint stock sanatorium with that of the solicitor, the banker, the auditor, the engineer, and the chaplain.

It might even go a good deal further in the direction of individual liberty in this matter. If we compare the dense ignorance of the public as to the development and march of therapeutic science with its keenness and instructedness as to the development and march of automobile construction, for instance, so that doctors with hopelessly obsolete methods and theories flourish where cars with tube ignition and chain drive are unsaleable, we are compelled to ask how the public is to be as fully guided in the selection of a doctor as of a motor-bicycle. Admit that the guidance is often that which a jury gets from a conflict of special pleading in which mendacity is part of the game, nevertheless that is by no means the worst sort of guidance: we hang men on the strength of it.

Besides, advertisement is not really suppressed. The advertisements of quacks and their remedies, and of proprietary medicines, are flaunting everywhere, and must achieve a considerable total of manslaughter every year: indeed, some public restraint on these is probably inevitable in the near future. But we must not allow the obtrusiveness and ubiquity of modern advertising to convince us that everyone advertises nowadays in business. The majority of business firms are as innocent of advertising as their doctors; and all wise customers know that a record of prolonged success in business without advertisement is a better guarantee than fifty full pages of the most popular newspapers or the most attractively illustrated and seductively written prospectus. The question, "Is such and such an article a good one?" is often answered by, "It must be pretty good, because it has been on the market twenty years, and I have never seen an advertisement of it." The big commercial trusts which make a regular business of crushing their poorer competitors have never done it by out-advertising them, but always by underselling them. Therefore, while enterprises like that with which the name of Herr Eugen Sandow is associated would continue to advertise largely, and the amazing advertisements of the French firms which manufacture specifics would continue to spread from *L'Illustration* to the

English papers, and be imitated and outdone (if possible) by British firms, it is not at all likely that a complete removal of the ban on advertising by general practitioners would cause any appreciable number of them to advertise. It might rather induce newspaper proprietors and managers to be much less tolerant than they are at present of letters to the editor which are really advertisements in the guise of indignant defences of scientific progress. For example, an anti-vivisectionist writes to protest against some experiment which has horrified him. Immediately some astute Harley Street consultant seizes the opening to denounce the anti-vivisector, and to ask him whether he is aware that it is due to the experiments he is thoughtlessly and ignorantly denouncing that the horrors of epilepsy, of myxodœma, or diphtheria or what not, no longer exist. Naturally all the people in whose family there is a case of epilepsy or myxodœma rush to that consultant's doorstep; and he reaps a substantial harvest of guineas for many days in explaining as best he can why the charm will not work in their particular cases. Why any newspaper should insert these advertisements without being paid for them I cannot imagine. *The Times* has been victimized again and again in this fashion; but it never seems to lose its faith, probably because it never reads its own back numbers even when it is compiling an obituary of some medical knight who has abolished in its columns all the diseases the flesh is heir to. The day will come when any person, doctor or layman, professing to cure any disease whatsoever, will be placed in the same legal category as fortune-tellers and rogues and vagabonds in general; but meanwhile it seems rather invidious to allow a doctor to write to *The Times* announcing himself as in possession of various elixirs of more than Renaissance nastiness, warranted to cure all the plagues of Egypt, provided he couples the announcement with contemptuous abuse of some honest and sensible layman who does not believe him, and yet forbid him, on pain of unfrocking, to adopt the more civil and straightforward method of sending a string of sandwichmen down Bond Street, or wearing a sugar-loaf hat and scattering small bills from a triumphal chariot to the music of a brass band.

(*To be continued.*)

Morphine

By Hugh Pollard

The war had drawn together every type of man, with the result that the officers of the New Army were often curious folk who could not correspond with the set ideas of what an officer should be and think about. In the old Army brain was not a heresy, but speech showing that one could think of things beyond the scope of the average mess conversation was looked upon as bad form. An unconventional speculative idea, rashly uttered with intent to provoke argument, has been the secret bane of many a young officer's career. As a result, the Old Guard did not take over-kindly to the new blood, and many a reactionary old dug-out unconsciously served the Kaiser far better than he served his King.

The Brigade had suffered heavy losses in that quelling misery, the winter of 1914, and by the first flush of the spring we had drafts of new blood with us. We were resting in billets in a Belgian town not too far back behind the line, and some of the new officers had been talking rather cleverly. Not epoch-making stuff, you understand, but moderately intellectual argument—the talk of keen young men of modern days awake to the impulse of great new things.

These youngsters and most of their stamp and generation now lie dead, broken in health, or maimed, serving but as an object-lesson of the bitter futility of war. Sometimes I think that though we may have won, the cost we paid in these young active brains was heavier than our leaders ever dreamed.

The Old Guard was represented in the mess by the Senior Captain, a solid, thick-headed Militia man and county gentleman, drawn from his Mendip Hills, and by the Doctor. The Doctor was the very type of old regular R.A.M.C. man, a capable administrator, an indifferent

surgeon, and rigid as iron upon all points of discipline and etiquette. He presented a curious study in his mingling of the healer with the man-at-arms. He was not unsympathetic to the suffering; indeed, he had an almost Irish air of geniality, but this was crossed by a fierce dogmatism and a brusque belief that everything except a gaping wound was probably malingering. His contempt for the young civilian surgeons now in khaki knew no bounds, and the traditions of the Boer War were his stand-by. He refused to recognise that trench warfare in Flanders needed a different treatment from the practice of the high karoo.

Venning was one of the younger men, the new set who had just arrived. He was a good officer, knew his duty and did it well, but did not limit all his thought to matters of the kind. I remember his queer, rough-hewn face, keen blue eyes, and mobile mouth as he leant forward in the lithe circle of lamplight over the chequered red and white cloth of the cottage-table.

"I don't admit your argument, Lane," he was saying; "you seem to confuse the faculties of perception with the existence of a separate individual consciousness after death. Look here, I will illustrate my point. These faculties, these mystic perceptions, are in us you admit; you claim them to be proof of divinity. Now do you see this?"

He produced from his tunic-pocket a slender box and tumbled out upon the table two narrow tubes of amber glass containing serried tabloids set like peas within a pod.

"These are morphine, a wonderful and patent magic. Place two of these beneath your tongue—or, better still, a prick of a needle and a swift injection—and they will open to you a wide new world of beauty, fantasy, and dream. Now there is no essence of divinity in these white drugs. I simply claim that it releases the faculties, the natural faculties inherent in you. You put no more spirituality into the body, but"—here his voice lowered to an almost reminiscent cadence—"you see a new side of life."

The Doctor had been examining one of the tubes. "Have you ever taken morphine?" he asked abruptly.

Venning answered him as an aside, evidently wishing to press the point of his argument against his antagonist:

"Poppies, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world I know, and love their bitter savour."

Ever after that the Doctor watched Venning as a cat watches a mouse. Was Venning's mood brilliant, the Doctor put it down to drugs; was he depressed, it was the obvious reaction. I knew nothing of what was passing in the Doctor's mind at the time. He was not a communicative man. Sometimes his nephew Eugene, also an officer of the New Army, would come over from the Rifle Brigade to mess with his uncle, and he confided to me, as one of the old Territorial officers who stood next to the Regulars themselves in vested traditions, that his uncle was highly dubious of Kitchener's mob.

We went back into the line for a spell or so, and then the Staff thought the time meet and fit for a tentative push at the Boches' line. We went over the parapet and got about ten yards ahead of the Rifles, who were on our left flank. After a sharp bit of bayonet work we were through the first line and into the orchard, where we were all mixed up, Germans firing from everywhere. Our men and the Rifles did all they could, and by and by I was bowled over with a bullet in the leg. The men got me down to a dressing station, which was already full, and I found the Doctor working like blazes amid the hell.

By and by Venning stalked in, with a badly smashed shoulder. He was pretty far gone.

"They have pushed us out of the orchard again," he said. "Hello, Doctor! Poor Eugene has got it bad."

"Eh? You have seen the boy?" said the Doctor."

"Shell or something in the lower part of the body—poor devil! They daren't shift him without a stretcher."

"Blast it! I can't leave here."

"It's no good, I am afraid," said Venning, softly; "it looked hopeless. I did what I could—gave him my morphine."

A torrent of curses from the Doctor stopped him, and we all gazed amazed at the man, his face grey with emotion and his fingers tearing madly at a dressing. Quite suddenly he stopped. "There is nothing to be done, nothing at all," he said, and went on with his work.

We went back to hospital in England together, Venning and I, and I thought little more of the incident

except to wonder how the boy's fate had moved the iron-disciplined old Doc. It was months later that I found out from a man who had been his servant that he had played a trick on Venning, a harsh but well-meant trick to save Venning from what he believed to be his vice.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "He changed Mr. Venning's morphia for something else like morphia—aper morphia, I think he said it was."

"Apo-morphia," I thought. Good God! the most powerful emetic that there is. Then the sheer horror of the moment broke upon me—poor young Eugene lying there, his body torn in agony, then apo-morphia given in all good faith by tender-hearted Venning, meaning to ease his pain. My God, what a death!

Shakespeare and Croce

By Douglas Ainslie

Sir Henry Newbolt contributed an interesting article to this Review last September, and as he deals in part with Croce's *Theory of Æsthetic*, and quotes from the present writer's translation of that work, I have thought it worth while to criticise here and there the conclusions at which he arrives.

Sir Henry takes as a springboard for his remarks a conversation which he once had upon Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. The result both of Sir Henry and his critic's thoughts appears to be that Shakespeare in this play revealed not only bad taste, but a lack of moral sensibility. In fact, he is condemned at the board of criticism as a person wanting in that higher ethical sense which is exhibited by great writers at the present day.

But does not this view evidence a lack of understanding the true nature of any work of art, which is essentially outwith the domain of ethics? Perhaps, too, Sir Henry's ignorance of the stage may have been a hindrance to his full comprehension of Shakespeare's plot. He quotes, for instance, Lucio's and Isabella's words in evidence against Angelo, Lucio being the portrait of the most unmitigated scoundrel that was ever put into a play by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, and it is he who is consequently the most severely punished in the play. Isabella's position in the play naturally causes her to be a not impartial judge of Angelo's character.

"Briefly put, the story of *Measure for Measure* is this: In a very corrupt city a young man is put at the head of affairs because he is really anxious to cope with the many evils that are threatening the moral decay of the town. But everything is so bad there that the reigning Duke knows it is hopeless to get improvement by rigorously enforcing the laws as Angelo wishes, because the taint of

corruption is just as conspicuous in the official classes as in the governed. The Duke suspects that though Angelo, who hitherto has lived a spotless life, is a good man, he is not a strong enough man to escape the dangers of temptation when they come in his way. The Duke, disguised as a friar, watches the experiment. Angelo is tempted by the beauty, and more especially by the *goodness*, of Isabella. He is not, therefore, an ordinary sensualist like Lucio. His fibre is not strong enough to resist his desires, now tempted for the first time. But Isabella's defiance is Angelo's ruin unless he can control the situation, which in a nervous panic he tries to do by signing the death-warrant of Claudio, *already condemned to death.* But the audience is in no way affected by Angelo's designs on Isabella, or his intention to put Claudio to death, because the audience is in the Duke's secret, and knows that the Duke is on the spot to see that no harm comes to either of them." The action then amounts to this: A young man is intentionally put in a position of temptation; he ought not to have been put there, the Duke taking care that no one shall suffer through the experiment, since this is one of his own making. Angelo receives a very severe object-lesson of his own weakness, of which he had no suspicion when the play opens. In the last act he is exposed to mental and moral torture by hearing another man accused of what he himself had done. The whole of this last act would have no meaning if Shakespeare had intended Angelo to be a mere beast, as Sir Henry thinks he is. The lesson Angelo taught is: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I have said, and I feel bound to repeat, that to every logical mind it must appear evident that once you confuse in thought the two independent activities of æsthetic and ethic, you miss the true essence of both.

Sir Henry passes on to Croce from Shakespeare by way of the so-called Laws of Beauty. He begins by raising the question as to the competence of criticism in general. Who is to lay down these laws for the public? Who is the person that really knows? He strives to raise dust about the question by the remark that "the awards of merit made by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds are not endorsed by the critics or art-lovers of to-day."

But the fact is that, like everything else in process of evolution, thought upon art has grown with the times, and we have progressed very far since Burke's famous essay and the theories of the golden line. Each generation, too, has its own problems in philosophy, which especially compel its attention, and one of the most neglected until lately has been that of art expression in general. I will not attempt here to give the history of thought upon this subject, but can refer the reader to my summary of Croce's treatment at the end of the *Theory of Æsthetic*. We are now far better equipped than ever we have been to take cognisance of works of art in whatever sphere of technique they manifest themselves. We cannot possibly comprehend any artist by applying a ready-made theory to our own or any other artist but the one under consideration to his work. Sir Henry talks of Croce as breaking off at this position, but I am afraid that I must ask Sir Henry here whether he has taken cognisance of Croce's elaborate treatment of the moral question in the theory of the practical, with its two degrees of Economic and Ethic, which I have also translated? I am pretty sure that the answer cannot be in the affirmative, for otherwise Sir Henry would never talk of himself as having "gone beyond Croce" and taking "yet a step further," when he has scarcely dabbled a timid toe in the shallower eddies of the great river of Croce's thought.

No one, of course, denies that the externalisation of the work of art has "a sympathetic motive, implying an audience." Of course, an artist is practically sympathetic when he does this, but that is merely a restatement of the fact that there are the two activities in Nature. Philosophically, of course, there is unity from the point of view of the higher synthesis, but this unity breaks into diversity when we contemplate the actual facts of life. There is no line to be drawn between man and Nature in relation to society, for Nature is herself society, and a genius like Wordsworth will have just as much society with the clouds and streams of the Lake Country as a Crabbe or a Sheridan in their close contact with the soul of the multitude. The whole article only brings out clearly the fact that when you wish to criticise a philsosophical theory, you cannot do so from the point of the technician, but must yourself

rise to the sphere of the philosopher, since it is his sphere you are dealing with, and not your own technical sphere of good or bad writing. I could quote twenty brilliant definitions of poetry by poets, and probably supply a passable one myself from the point of view of technique, but to give an absolute value to any definition of the sort must imply a complete thinking out of the whole epistemological problem, including logic. Nature and life are part of a whole, and that whole can only exist in so far as it is *thought*. Where the thought is non-existent or nebulous or proceeds from false premises, as in the present case, you get a lopsided definition without any scientific value. The attempted improvement of Croce's definition by extending successful expression to include "his fellow-men" with the artist is a mere re-statement of the confused thought as to Ethic and Æsthetic. When a man sits down to write his poem out he is performing a practical and not an æsthetic act. When he calls together some of his friends to listen to the poem he has just composed, he is again performing a practical act. The theory that the artist must please only himself is, of course, the true one: he must have the satisfaction of truth to his own vision, otherwise there is nothing there but confusion or ugliness. It does not matter in the least whether the perfect expression of the artist disgust his audience or not. If that audience has been well chosen—that is to say, is equipped for the understanding of the artist—then he will be appreciated, and only then. Examples seem hardly necessary, but one can imagine an intolerable weariness and disgust that many would experience at having to listen for an hour to, say, the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, however beautifully read. The fact is that there are artists whose appeal is not to the general public, but to a few only. They have as much right to live and to write as others, provided they do not in any way injure the body politic. Whether or no the supreme artistic power is derived from the sub-conscious self, as Sir Henry states, the concrete result of the work as applied to others is the question; and there are poets one could name who will never have a wide audience that are, none the less, truly poets as far as they go, although, of course, they do not go so far *in quantity* as the great

admitted masters of the muse. Sir Henry thinks that he has arrived at a marvellous definition in giving the "desire of life" as the motive power of the artist. Here he is merely quoting Bergson's *Theory of Laughter* (perhaps unconsciously), but his application is not, like Bergson's, philosophical, for it is absurd to say that an artist can be an artist, or, at any rate, a dramatic artist, if he leaves out from his work everything that is "cruel, cynical, selfish, or inhuman."

It will, perhaps, be interesting to hear also the remarks upon the article made by Benedetto Croce himself:

"Newbolt has not well understood the concept of the *spirit*. He believes that the satisfaction that the artist experiences is that of Mr. X., and consequently sets against this the feeling of Messrs. Y., Z., etc.—that is, of the public. But the artist is pure imagination, and therefore universal, and X., Y., Z., etc., if they wish to rise to the sphere of art, must enter this universal sphere of the imagination. Thus, he asks, what happens if the feeling of the artist is cruel, cynical, etc., but he does not understand that by the mere fact that this feeling of cruelty, cynicism, etc., is made the *object* of *intuition* and of *expression*, it ceases to be cruel, cynical, etc., and becomes objective, a moment of the real; and since every moment of the real includes in itself all the other moments, either expressed or understood, that feeling is at once cruel and pitiful, cynical and chaste, etc., etc. Art is truth, and the individuality of the true is not concrete individuality if it is not also totality."

With this quotation from the letter of the philosopher, and with grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Poel for the analysis of the play *Measure for Measure*, I must bring this brief reply to a close.

Life

By D. H. Lawrence

MIDMOST between the beginning and the end is Man. He is neither the created nor the creator. But he is the quick of creation. He has on one hand the primal unknown from which all creation issues; on the other hand, the whole created universe, even the world of finite spirits. But between the two man is distinct and other; he is creation itself, that which is perfect.

Man is born unfulfilled from chaos, uncreated, incomplete, a baby, a child, a thing immature and inconclusive. It is for him to become fulfilled, to enter at last the state of perfection, to achieve pure and immitigable being, like a star between day and night, disclosing the other world which has no beginning nor end, the otherworld of utterly completed creation, perfect beyond the creator, and conclusive beyond the thing created, living beyond life itself, and deathly beyond death, partaking of both and transcending both.

When he comes into his own, man has being beyond life and beyond death; he is perfect of both. There he comprehends the singing of birds and the silence of the snake.

Yet man cannot create himself, nor can he achieve the finality of a thing created. All his time he hovers in the no-land, hovering till he can enter the otherworld of perfection; he still does not create himself, nor does he arrive at the static finality of a thing created. Why should he, since he has transcended the state of creativity and the state of being created, both?

Midway between the beginning and the end is man, midway between that which creates and that which is created, midway in an otherworld partaking of both, yet transcending.

All the while man is referred back. He cannot create

himself. At no moment can man create himself. He can but submit to the creator, to the primal unknown out of which issues the all. At every moment we issue like a balanced flame from the primal unknown. We are not self-contained nor self-accomplished. At every moment we derive from the unknown.

This is the first and greatest truth of our being. Upon this elemental truth all our knowledge rests. We issue from the primal unknown. Behold my hands and feet, where I end upon the created universe! But who can see the quick, the well-head, where I have egress from the primordial creativity? Yet at every moment, like a flame which burns balanced upon a wick, do I burn in pure and transcendent equilibrium upon the wick of my soul, balanced and clipped like a flame corporeal between the fecund darkness of the first unknown and the final darkness of the afterlife, wherein is all that is created and finished.

We are balanced like a flame between the two darknesses, the darkness of the beginning and the darkness of the end. We derive from the unknown, and we result into the unknown. But for us the beginning is not the end, for us the two are not one.

It is our business to burn, pure flame, between the two unknowns. We are to be fulfilled in the world of perfection, which is the world of pure creation. We must come into being in the transcendent otherworld of perfection, consummated in life and death both, two in one.

I turn my face which is blind and yet which knows, like a blind man turning to the sun, I turn my face to the unknown, which is the beginning, and like a blind man who lifts his face to the sun I know the sweetness of the influx from the source of creation into me. Blind, for ever blind, yet knowing, I receive the gift, I know myself the ingress of the creative unknown. Like a seed which unknowing receives the sun and is made whole, I open on to the great invisible warmth of primal creativity and begin to be fulfilled.

This is the law. We shall never know what is the beginning. We shall never know how it comes to pass that we have form and being. But we may always know how through the doorways of the spirit and the body enters

the vivid unknown, which is made known in us. Who comes, who is that we hear outside in the night? Who knocks, who knocks again? Who is that that unlatches the painful door?

Then behold, there is something new in our midst. We blink our eyes, we cannot see. We lift the lamp of previous understanding, we illuminate the stranger with the light of our established knowledge. Then at last we accept the newcomer, he is enrolled among us.

So is our life. How do we become new? How is it we change and develop? Whence comes the newness, the further being, into us? What is added unto us, and how does it come to pass?

There is an arrival in us from the unknown, from the primal unknown whence all creation issues. Did we call for this arrival, did we summon the new being, did we command the new creation of ourselves, the new fulfilment? We did not, it is not of us. We are not created of ourselves. But from the unknown, from the great darkness of the outside that which is strange and new arrives on our threshold, enters and takes place in us. Not of ourselves, it is not of ourselves, but of the unknown which is the outside.

This is the first and greatest truth of our being and of our existence. How do we come to pass? We do not come to pass of ourselves. Who can say, of myself I will bring forth newness? Not of myself, but of the unknown which has ingress into me.

And how has the unknown ingress into me? The unknown has ingress into me because, whilst I live, I am never sealed and set apart; I am but a flame conducting unknown to unknown, through the bright transition of creation. I do but conduct the unknown of my beginning to the unknown of my end, through the transfiguration of perfect being. What is the unknown of the beginning, and what is the unknown of the end? That I can never answer, save that in my completeness of being the two unknowns are consummated in a oneness, a rose of perfect explanation.

The unknown of my beginning has ingress into me, through the spirit. My spirit is troubled, it is uneasy. Far off it hears the approach of footsteps through the

night. Who is coming? Ah, let the newcomer arrive, let the newcomer arrive. In my spirit I am lonely and inert, I wait for the newcomer. My spirit aches with misery, dread of the newcomer. But also there is the tension of expectancy. I expect a visit, I expect a newcomer. For oh, I am conceited and unrefreshed, I am alone and barren. Yet still is my spirit alert and chuckling with subtle expectancy, awaiting the visit. It will come to pass. The stranger will come.

I listen, in my spirit I listen and listen. Many sounds there are from the unknown. And surely those are footsteps? In haste I open the door. But, alas! there is no one there. I must wait in patience, wait and always wait up for the stranger. Not of myself, it cannot happen of myself. With this in mind I check my impatience, I learn to wait and to watch.

And at last, out of all my desire and weariness, the door opens and this is the stranger. Ah, now! ah, joy! There is the new creation in me! Ah, beautiful! Ah, delight of delights! I am come to pass from the unknown, the unknown is added on to me. The sources of joy and strength are filled in me; I rise up to a new achievement of being, a new fulfilment in creation, a new rose of roses, new heavens on earth.

This is the story of our coming to pass. There is no other way. I must have patience in my soul, to stand and wait. Above all, it must be said in my soul that I wait for the unknown, for I cannot avail anything of myself. I wait upon the unknown, and from the unknown comes my new beginning. Not of myself, not of myself, but of my insuperable faith, my waiting. I am like a small house on the edge of the forest. Out of the unknown darkness of the forest, in the eternal night of the beginning, comes the spirit of creation towards me. But I must keep the light shining in the window, or how will the spirit see my house? If my house is in darkness of sleep or fear, the angel will pass it by. Above all, I must have no fear. I must watch and wait. Like a blind man looking for the sun, I must lift my face to the unknown darkness of space and wait until the sun lights on me. It is a question of creative courage. It is no good if I crouch over a coal-fire. This will never bring me to pass.

Once the new has entered into my spirit, from the beginning, I am glad. No one and nothing can make me sorry any more. For I am potential with a new fulfilment, I am enriched with a new incipient perfection. Now no longer do I hover in the doorway listlessly, seeking for something to make up my life. The quota is made up in me, I can begin. It is conceived in me, the invisible rose of fulfilment, which in the end will shine out in the skies of absolution. So long as it is conceived in me, all labour of travail is joy. If I am in bud with the unseen rose of creation, what is labour to me, and what is pain, but pang after pang of new strange joy. My heart is always glad like a star. My heart is a vivid, quivering star which will fan itself slowly out in flakes and gains creation, a rose of roses taking place.

Where do I pay homage, whereunto do I yield myself? To the unknown, only to the unknown, the Holy Ghost. I wait for the beginning, when the great and all-creative unknown shall take notice of me, shall turn to me and inform me. This is my joy and my delight. And again, I turn to the unknown of the end, the darkness which is final, which will gather me into finality.

Do I fear the strange approach of the creative unknown to my door? I fear it only with pain and with unspeakable joy. And do I fear the invisible dark hand of death plucking me into the darkness, gathering me blossom by blossom from the stem of my life, into the unknown of my afterwards? I fear it only in reverence and with strange satisfaction. For this is my final satisfaction, to be gathered blossom by blossom, all my life long, into the finality of the unknown which is my end.

Francis Ledwidge

By Katharine Tynan

THEY are wrong who call Francis Ledwidge a peasant poet. For the matter of that, there is no such thing as a peasant poet, in Ireland. There was one, Keegan, who came nearest to it. Francis Ledwidge was by accident born in a peasant's cottage in Meath. There was nothing of him peasant—not his beautiful handwriting, his lovely and distinguished choice of words, his delicate colour-sense, his music, his mind, himself: they were all gentle. By accident his people, of the gentlehood of the country surely, had come to the peasant's cottage. When Francis Ledwidge came to his own there was very little of the peasant to shed.

Lord Dunsany, his discoverer, has not been able to avoid the name of Burns when he talks of Francis Ledwidge as a peasant poet. For one so remote from the obvious it is unexpected. Burns was an inspired peasant; when he was most inspired he was least a peasant. He could build a gallant song on a gallant fragment, gloriously. But side by side with the inspired poet there was the peasant coarseness. One cannot imagine Francis Ledwidge writing a poem "To a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet in Church." He was all gentlehood. There was nothing to refine out of him. He was born refined.

Lord Dunsany found him road-mending in Meath. To be a road-mender is a very good school for a poet. He has the skies over him and the fields around him; in Meath he has miles and miles of pastoral country full of the lowing of herds; he has immense whitethorn hedges; the birds sing to him and the little streams, and the world jogs by in gigs or carts or afoot or driving its cattle. It is very placid there. There is but one fly in the amber of its peace—the motor-car. In Meath no one is strenuous; the climate forbids it, and the cattle fatten of themselves. The peace of Ledwidge's poetry is almost untroubled.

He sent a copy-book full of his poems to Lord Dunsany

in a fortunate hour, a year or so before the war. Lord Dunsany found errors, immaturities, *clichés*. He shook himself free of these things very soon. He had to learn so little. I think it was in 1913 I met him with Lord Dunsany at the Private View of "A. E.'s" pictures in Dublin, which used to take place in the autumns of the incredible period, *Ante Bellum*. He was then contributing to the *Saturday Review*. He or someone else sent me a copy containing a poem of his within the week. He must then have been quite a new discovery.

He had a high-coloured, eager, winning face. Perhaps it was the excitement made the high colour. I remember that he was wrapped in a big frieze coat, as though someone had carried him off unawares to what used to be something of a fashionable function, and he, protesting that he was not dressed for the like, had wrapped him up in the big coat. I can see the eager, gentle face under the dark soft hair, with the desire to please obvious in it. He was very humble and deferential to an older writer. There was nothing self-conscious about him. He was entirely simple and sincere.

A couple of years passed before his first book came to me for review. Perhaps, indeed, it was 1912 when I first met him; for Lord Dunsany, in his preface to *Songs of the Fields* over the date June, 1914, mentions that two years earlier, when he was "wasting June" in London, he received the copy-book of Francis Ledwidge's poems. He adds to the preface a year later, when Francis Ledwidge had been nine months in the army and had attained to the rank of corporal. He served in Gallipoli, in Salonika, in Serbia, on the Western Front; was wounded once, not badly; went back again when the wound healed; and was killed by a fragment of a shell on July 31st of this year, the first day of the new offensive.

I don't know when he can have got in the time in a grocer's shop in Dublin about which Lord Dunsany writes, telling us how he broke away and tramped thirty miles home to his mother's cottage. That grocer's shop in Dublin must indeed have been a trial to the poet, though it is quite possible that he may have found some there to appreciate his gift. But he must have missed the seat by the roadside and the procession of the seasons, the

stars and the secret things of the fields and groves and "the wind on the heath."

Reviewing his first book, I found an essential beauty—a Greek sense of beauty, to use a *cliché* and a rather worn-out one—perfect in phrases and moments, with as yet an unsure setting. He had not yet quite mastered the art which came so easily that it had only just to be discovered. But his phrases were magical.

> "And wondrous, impudently sweet,
> Half of him passion, half conceit,
> The blackbird pipes adown the street"

And this of April:

> "And she will be in white, I thought, and she
> Will have a cuckoo upon either shoulder."

And again there is a lovely line:

> "Sweet as rain-water in the blackbird's flute"

All these lovely things gave assurance of the full beauty that came a few months later in *Songs of Peace*. I do not propose to quote from an already published book, which those who love poetry may acquire for themselves. By this time he had become a traveller. He had been on pretty well all the Fronts of war. He had seen the dreadful things which all soldiers must see in these days. The chariot of war had driven over him and left him untouched. He was still the boy who sat by the roadside in Meath and loved the fields and the thorn-hedges and the long roads fringed with cow-parsley, and the blackbird's note, and the colour of blue with which all his poems are coloured, and his mother, and all simple and quiet loves. Reviewing *Songs of Peace*, I had the thought to write to him. Apparently the letter travelled for some time before it reached him, but it did reach him, and his answer is dated January 6th, 1917. It is eagerly, enthusiastically friendly and grateful for the advance on my part. He was the most friendly thing alive while he was yet alive.

"If I survive the war," he wrote, "I have great hopes of writing something that will live. If not, I trust to be remembered in my own land for one or two things which its long sorrow inspired.

"My books have had a greater reception in England, Ireland, and America than I had ever dreamt of, but I

never feel that my name should be mentioned in the same breath with my contemporaries.

"You ask me what I am doing. I am a unit in the Great War, doing and suffering, admiring great endeavour and condemning great dishonour. I may be dead before this reaches you, but I will have done my part. Death is as interesting to me as Life. I have seen so much of it from Suvla to Strumnitza, and now in France. I am always homesick. I hear the roads calling, and the hills, and the rivers, wondering where I am. It is terrible to be always homesick.

"I don't like to send you a poem in pencil. If I can borrow a fountain-pen I will transcribe one for you. If I go home again I should certainly like to come and see you. I know Claremorris, Ballinrobe, and all the little towns of Mayo."

In his next letter there are two poems enclosed:

"IN FRANCE.

"The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams,
And round me music-making rills
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

"Whatever way I turn, I find
The paths are old unto me still,
The hills of home are in my mind
And there I wander as I will."

"HAD I A GOLDEN POUND TO SPEND.

"Had I a golden pound to spend
My Love should mend and sew no more,
And I would buy her a little quern
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

"And for her windows, curtains white,
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
And mellow down her sunlit room.

"And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend."

The letter in which these were sent talks with a happy confidence. I am not to think he is lonely. There are a few about him who care for the only things that matter as he does. And he has letters from home, from brothers and sisters and cousins and his loving mother. They are all artists in a way: one collects flowers, one examines into

causes and thinks he has discovered the cause of gravity. "When I am at home we are all happy together."

"I was with the first British troops who landed at Salonika. We spent all last winter fighting the Bulgars in the hills of the Varda and Uskub. . . . I daresay you know the horrors of the retreat. I love Serbia. It is a delightful country even seen, as I have seen it, under the worst conditions of weather, etc. I spent a year in the East, going first to the Dardanelles. I was in Egypt, Cyprus, Mitylene, and had a pleasant fortnight in Naples."

His next letter gives some indication of his odd ways of writing. "When I read the proofs of *Songs of Peace* there were several poems I hardly recognised as my own, for I scribble them off in odd moments, and, if I do not give them to someone, they become part of the dust of the earth and little things stuck on the ends of hedges when the wind has done with them. My MSS. are scattered about two hemispheres, some lost for ever, others wandering in the corners of newspapers, like so many little Abrahams, changing their names as if they had given over an old faith and were set on new endeavours. I lament them in sober moments, and forget them again when some new tune breaks out in my mind.

"I wish you would come to Louth. There are charming places about Dundalk and Drogheda, and the people are so beautiful. When I am in Louth I always imagine voices are calling me from one distance to another, and at every turn I half expect to see Cuchullin stride over the hills to meet some new champion of Maeve. You could only be happy in Louth or Meath. . . .

"What a pity the birds must suffer as we do! I had a special way of feeding them when I was at home in winter. I used to put potatoes on the garden wall for the crows, and under a covering of sacks spread bread and meal for the smaller birds. It was taboo to open the kitchen-door, for that would disturb them."

"So A. E. has been telling you of my doings," he says in another letter, "but he did not know that the poems which I destroyed were very amateurish; and how sick I was of them, for I had repeated them until they became vapid. I try to keep my poems now by sending them to Lord Dunsany, or home, but out here one has not always

the time or the convenience; and, after all, when the pleasure of writing them has passed, what does it matter? I still have hundreds. My next book will be the best of mine.

"I may be in Ireland for May Day yet."

But May Day found him still in France, and the longest letter he has written me is dated May 31st. I fear I was slow in answering his letters. He always wrote at once with a great understanding and forgiveness.

"Your letter came yesterday evening like melody from the woods of home, as welcome as rain to the shrivelled lips of June. It was like laughter heard over a low hill. I would have written to thank you for the sweets, only that lately we were unsettled, wandering to and fro between the firing-line and resting-billets immediately behind. This letter is ante-dated by two hours, but before midnight we may be wandering in single and slow file, with the reserve line two or three hundred yards behind the fire-trench. We are under an hour's notice. Entering and leaving the line is most exciting, as we are usually but about thirty yards from the enemy, and you can scarcely understand how bright the nights are made by his rockets. These are in continual ascent and descent from dusk to dawn, making a beautiful crescent from Switzerland to the sea. There are white lights, green and red, and whiter, bursting into red and changing again, and blue bursting into purple drops and reds fading into green. It is all like the end of a beautiful world. It is only horrible when you remember that every colour is a signal to waiting reinforcements or artillery, and God help us if we are caught in the open, for then up go a thousand reds, and hundreds of rifles and machine-guns are emptied against us, and all amongst us shells of every calibre are thrown, shouting destruction and death. We can do nothing but fling ourselves into the first shell-hole and wonder as we wait where we will be hit. But why all this?

"I am indeed glad to think you are preparing another book of verse. *Will you really allow me to review it?* I don't want money for doing it. The honour would be more worth than money. I reviewed Seumas O'Sullivan's poems a few years ago, and hope I helped him a little to a wider public, though he has not yet the fame he deserves. His

very name is a picture to me of lakes and green places, rivers and willows and wild wings. *You* give me a picture of a long lane, with many surprises of flowers, a house hidden in trees where there is rest, and beyond that mountains where the days are purple, and then the sea. A. E. sets me thinking of things long forgotten, and Lord Dunsany of gorgeous Eastern tapestry and carpets. Do you get such impressions from the books you love? I met a traveller in Naples who told me that he never read Andrew Marvell but he remembered a dunce's cap and a fishing-rod he had when a boy, and never could trace the train of thought far enough back to discover where the connection lay.

"I am writing odd things in a little book whenever I can. Just now I am engaged in a poem about the Lanawn Shee, who, you remember, is really the Irish Muse. One who sees her is doomed to sing. She is very close to you. I am writing it in the traditional style of the 'Silk of the Kine.' Here are the opening verses:

"Powdered and perfumed the full bee
Winged heavily across the clover,
And where the hills were dim with dew
Purple and blue the West looked over.

"A willow spray dipped in the stream
Moved many a gleam of silver ringing,
And by a finny creek a maid
Filled all the shade with softest singing.

"She told me of Tir n'an Oge. . . .

"And there, she told me, honey drops
Out of the tops of ash and willow,
And, in the mellow shadows, Sleep,
Doth sweetly keep her poppied pillow.

"And when the dance is done, the trees
Are left to Peace and the brown wood-pecker,
And on the Western slopes of sky,
The day's blue eye begins to flicker."

"She tries many devices to woo a lover, and to secure his pity laments one who loved her for long, but one day left her for earth, 'fairer than Usna's youngest son.'

"You rode with Kings o'er hills of green
And lovely Queens have served your banquet;
Sweet wine from berries bruised they brought,
And shyly sought the lips that drank it."

"If I do not tire of it you will read it all some day (D.V.). I enclose a little thing written on Ascension

Thursday. It is time I remembered you would be weary of this letter, and will close with regret. I am sad when I think on the boy from Roscommon. He will remember you in his Kingdom. Mention my name to him, saying how sorry I am not to have known him, and that I hope he has not any pain.

"I may be home in June yet."

The boy from Roscommon referred to in this letter was John Higgins, a young writer of brilliant promise, who died of consumption eighteen days before Francis Ledwidge was killed. May not Francis Ledwidge have overtaken him?

Here is the poem he enclosed:

"ASCENSION THURSDAY, 1917.

"Lord, Thou hast left Thy footprints in the rocks
That we may know the way to follow Thee.
But there are wide lands opened out between
Thy Olivet and my Gethsemane.

"And oftentimes I make the night afraid
Crying for lost hands when the dark is deep,
And strive to reach the sheltering of Thy love
Where Thou art herd among Thy folded sheep.

"Thou wilt not ever thus, O Lord, allow
My feet to wander when the sun is set;
But through the darkness, let me still behold
The stony bye-ways up to Olivet."

"19.6.17.

"This is my birthday. I am spending it in a little red town in an orchard. There is a lovely valley just below me, and a river that goes gobbling down the fields, like turkeys coming home of evenings in Ireland. It is an idle little vagrant that does no work for miles and miles except to turn one mill-wheel for a dusty old man who has five sons fighting for France. I was down here earlier in the spring, when all the valley wore its confirmation dress, and was glad to return again in the sober moments of June. Although I have a conventional residence, I sleep out in the orchard, and every morning a cuckoo comes to a tree quite close and calls out his name with a clear voice above the rest of the morning's song, like a tender stop heard above the lower keys in a beautiful organ.

"I am glad to hear the experience of your boy in Macedonia. I had a rather narrow escape above Lake Doiran in the winter of 1915. Ten of us went out to rescue

a few sheep which we had discovered on a mountain top, and we were attacked by a Bulgar force. We sought the cover of rocks in a deep ravine, and we were able to keep the attackers off, although we could not return until help arrived. We secured three sheep, after which we named the battle. I wrote the song of it for the *Sunday Chronicle* in Manchester last year.

"I hope —— will be duly rewarded for his coolness and bravery, for, after all, is not every honour won by Irishmen on the battlefields of the world Ireland's honour, and does it not tend to the glory and delight of her posterity?

"You are in Meath now, I suppose. If you go to Tara go to Rath-na-Ri and look all around you from the hills of Drumcondrath in the north to the plains of Enfield in the south, where Allan Bog begins, and remember me to every hill and wood and ruin, for my heart is there. If it is a clear day you will see Slane Hill blue and distant. Say I will come back again surely, and maybe you will hear pipes in the grass or a fairy horn and the hounds of Finn—I have heard them often from Tara.

"Be sure to remember me to Lord Fingall if he is at home.

"I am greatly afraid 'Lord Edward' will never reach me. . . .

"My next book is due in October. Did you ever know I wrote a play? It is a one-act thing called *A Crock of Gold*, and is about a man who went to dig for gold which another man dreamt about. I showed it to many in London and Dublin, and they liked it. . . . I will show you the play when I come to see you.

"About the mine—it made a greater explosion in the newspapers than on Hill 60, but was beautiful all the same.

"It is growing dusk now; it is 'the owls' light,' and I must draw to a close."

With this letter came three poems:

"I.

"THE FIND.

"I took a reed and blew a tune
And sweet it was and very clear,
To be about a little thing
That only few held dear.

"Three times the Cuckoo named himself
And nothing heard him on the hill
Where I was piping like an elf;
The green was very still.

"'Twas all about a little thing,
I made a mystery of sound,
I found it in a fairy ring
Upon a fairy mound."

"II.

"STANLEY HILL.

"In Stanley Hill the bees are loud,
And loud a river wild,
And there, as wayward as a cloud,
I was a little child.

"I knew not how mistrustful heart
Could lure with hidden wile,
And wound us in a fateful part
With dark and sudden guile.

"And yet, for all I've known and seen
Of Youth and Truth reviled,
On Stanley Hill the grass is green
And I am still a child."

"III.

"THE OLD GODS

"I thought the old gods still in Greece
Making the little fates of man,
So in a secret place of Peace
I prayed as but a poet can:

"And all my prayer went crying faint
Around Parnassus' cloudy height,
And found no ear for my complaint
And back unanswered came at night.

"Ah, foolish that I was to heed
The voice of folly, or presume
To find the old gods in my need,
So far from A. E.'s little room."

The last of these letters is dated July 20th. It is poignant, as Francis Ledwidge's name is now a poignancy, and a fierce indignation that such as he should be killed—and after nearly three years of service. Presently out of his memory will come nothing but sweetness, a bruised sweetness if you will, because he has gone to join the great company, taking with him so much of his lovely message for the world, and especially for his own country.

"We have just returned from the line after an unusually

long time. It was very exciting this time, as we had to contend with gas, lachrymatory shells, and other devices new and horrible. It will be worse soon. The camp we are in at present might be in Tir n'an Oge; it is pitched amid such splendours. There is barley and rye just entering harvest days of golds, and meadow-sweet rippling, and where a little inn named 'In den Neerloop' holds its gable up to the swallows, bluebells and goldilocks swing their splendid censers. There is a wood hard by where hips glisten like little sparks, and just at the edge of it mealey (?) leaves sway like green fire. I will hunt for a secret place in that wood to read 'Lord Edward.' I anticipate beautiful moments.

"I daresay you have left Meath and are back again in the brown wides of Connaught. I would give £100 for two days in Ireland with nothing to do but ramble on from one delight to another. I am entitled to a leave now, but I'm afraid there are many before my name in the list. . . . Special leaves are granted, and I have to finish a book for the autumn. But, more particularly, I want to see again my wonderful mother, and to walk by the Boyne to Crewbawn and up through the brown and grey rocks of Crocknaharna. You have no idea of how I suffer with this longing for the swish of the reeds at Slane and the voices I used to hear coming over the low hills of Currabwee. Say a prayer that I may get this leave, and give as a condition my punctual return and sojourn till the war is over. It is midnight now, and the glow-worms are out. It is quiet in camp, but the far night is loud with our own guns bombarding the positions we must soon fight for.

"I hope your boy in Macedonia is doing well, and that your other boy is still in Ireland."

One is quite sure that the blameless soul of Francis Ledwidge, before it sped on its way to its ultimate Source and Goal, flew over the fields of Meath and hovered awhile near those scenes and friends for which and whom he had so tender and faithful an attachment.

The completed MS. of the Lanawn Shee he sent me under date July 27th. It reached me, as a similar MS. reached his constant friend, Lord Dunsany, on the morning of July 31st, the day he was killed. It has since been published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

Letters to Veronica

By James L. Geraldine

It was less the actual quiet than the feeling of withdrawnness that Withorne so valued in his London house. In the church tower of the convent, whose garden wall formed one entire side of the square, there was an old clock that struck the hours; a fairly busy thoroughfare was almost within a stone's-throw of the entrance to the square, and a little way up the street leading to the thoroughfare stood a better-class public-house, generously patronised by taxi-men; so it can be seen that of actual silence there was none at No. 16. Yet the square, being neither on the way to any of the great stations nor one of those mysteriously "central" ones that in London so oddly seem to be one's way pretty well everywhere, and being, moreover, protected by signs warning off musicians and street-cries, a dignified stillness was really rather characteristic of it, although, as I have said, James Withorne loved it less for this than for an indescribable air of being withdrawn, of choosing for itself an old-fashioned backwater, almost stagnant, atmosphere.

The gardens were a little neglected, the tall old trees wore an unkempt, hedgerow air, and there were no flowers but for the small, bold, wild things, chiefly yellow, that of themselves elected to pierce its shaggy lawns. A beautiful absence of children further endeared the neighbourhood to the great novelist, who was its conscious, though shrinking, glory. He did not like children's voices, and their lamentations played the very deuce with his attenuated nerves.

. . . . . .

No. 16 was an old house of pale, smoky bricks, and little pillars at the door—a little house of the Adam type whose fanlight was considered very beautiful. It belonged to some duke who had never seen it, and to whose agent's agent the writer paid two hundred a year for it.

The duke did not know that the house, with its retired, reserved air, its background against the western sky, of smoke-blackened but still vigorous old convent trees, and the dim-voiced old convent clock, was, to the sensitive, withdrawn, irritable man of genius in No. 16 worth at least twice what he paid for it.

When he came in and closed his front door behind him, Withorne's clean-shaven face always changed from its public expression of intent absent-mindedness to its home look of relaxed relief, as a wild, hunted thing's face might, under its fur, change on diving into the safety of its burrow.

He was a man of innumerable small habits and peculiarities, and his servant, an excellent fellow, an old Frenchman named Dagonet, had the tact to allow these full play. What might be called The Ritual of the Return Home was as follows: Withorne rang his doorbell. Stealthily, like a sneaking thing, he crept into his own hall; still stealthily he divested himself of the variety of outdoor garments that changed with the seasons of the year, but never in their rotations varied. Gloves, a muffler (always of the snowiest silk, never wool), his hat, his over- or rain-coat, goloshes or even snow-boots, umbrella or an ivory-topped bamboo stick; whichever of these articles of apparel had been worn, were removed silently, furtively, and with great neatness and dispatch consigned to its place, in the house of silence, in the small room by the front door.

After this Mr. Withorne crept silently upstairs to his study, and ten minutes later, or more, his bell would ring, and Dagonet, in answering it, carefully disregarded the fact that his master had been out.

This little habit had grown of itself with no explanation between the two men; it had arisen through Withorne's abnormal sensitiveness to what he called *un détraquement* while he was following up some intricate psychological theory in one of his books. The least interruption or distraction was enough to put his mind out of gear for hours, and on these occasions his suffering was intense. The unintelligent public, who failed to follow his labyrinthine but highy subtle lines of reasoning, used to divine in his style what it considered an affected incoherence, whereas

those who knew realised that it was only with real mental torture that he was able at all to express what to him was as clear as crystal. The most nebulous, spider-web-like delicacies of feeling were to him, with his super-sensitive mind, full of a beauty that words were almost too clumsy to express; and while he was engaged in the painful struggle of expressing them, things that would be quite imperceptible to anyone else were to him as brilliant, as heavy, as loud as a cavalry charge.

And Dagonet understood, and, without a word, devoted his life to the elimination from his master's life of hideous, maddening qualities of interruption and noise.

Interviewers and reporters never succeeded in getting in at No. 16, and when they lay in ambush outside the house they waited in vain for hours, for beyond the little back-yard of No. 16 stood a small house in a humble street, and in the little house dwelt a little French *blanchisseuse* who was a niece of the old servant's. This young woman's house, the rent of which was paid by her uncle, constituted what he called an emergency exit for his master.

When, on the publication of one of the books his detractors called drivel and his admirers masterpieces, No. 16 was subjected to a flow of more or less keen young men and women bent on scoops, Marie Louise Pontivel, *blanchisseuse de fin*, often saw, without seeing, as she put it, the slim, rather wooden figure of the great man of her uncle slipping quietly through her little house, his key in his hand, on his way to the various engagements it was at once his torture and his pride never to miss.

"C' n'est pas qu'il est timide," she would declare to her uncle on the rare occasions when the novelist's name was mentioned between them, "ni farouche, ton Grand. C'est—comment pourrais-je dire, mon oncle? C'est qu'il est d'un retiré, d'une solitude immense——" And in this she was right.

One evening in November, when the war had been going on for fifteen months, James Withorne stood in his study by the window, watching a curiously brilliant sunset that seemed to have burnt itself through a blanket of fog that hung across the trees in the convent garden. He had switched off the light and was surrounded with the beauti-

ful broken dusk of firelit rooms; a web of fitful, wind-blown light trembled in the centre of the dark carpet and on the edges of the polished floor, and near the windows still rested a bluish blur that a short time before had been daylight.

The little man leaning close to the pane, gazing at the sky, looked like a wooden figure; his legs had an air of being always stiff and immobile, and the square, thin shoulders might have been those of an old-fashioned tailor's dummy, but there was something pathetically human-looking in his fine ruffled grey hair as it caught the firelight and gleamed against the darkened glass.

Dagonet, who had been out, and feared that he might have been wanted in his absence, opened the door noiselessly and looked in. After a moment he as noiselessly went downstairs. His *Grand* was in trouble, and he could not help. The old Frenchman sat down by the bright kitchen fire and warmed his hands. Trouble upstairs, he thought; *enfoncé*, that was it. Monsieur was *enfoncé*—could not get on, or get *out*, rather. His cursed characters would not come right. The same thing had happened with the last book—the old fellow winced visibly—and the critics had seen it. If the critics could all go to roast in Hades, that would, his reflections went on, be the best thing for *them*. Presently he opened a drawer in the table, and taking out a large flat red book, he put on his spectacles and began to read, his bushy brows knitted together over his fine, rather Napoleonic nose. The book was a scrap-book devoted entirely to reviews of his master's books. He had lived with Withorne for twenty-six years, and there were in the book reviews of thirteen novels and two volumes of short stories. Withorne was a slow producer.

Neatly pasted in the book by the old servant, the master's work, as viewed by two dozen or so of the greatest reviews and newspapers of England, lay before him, each group of criticisms being ranged in the same order of precedence. There they all were, from *Second Thoughts*, the novel on which Withorne had been working the golden summer at Vincennes, when he had engaged his servant, the one which had made his name one of the best known amongst literary men of the whole world, down to *The*

Crystal Ball, the last one—the crystal ball, the doubtful clarity of which had given such delightful opportunity for jeering to his now increasing band of detractors.

Dagonet, like many peasants who have been reared on black bread, had even now magnificently strong teeth, and these he literally ground, with a grating noise, as he read the *Spectator's* judicial, firm avowal of its inability to understand the new book:—"It is with regret that we confess that this time Mr. Withorne has hidden his divinity from our eyes in a cloud of words. . . ." The *Times*, too, had been severe in its old pontifical manner; while some of the younger, more frivolous critics had frankly laughed at what, Dagonet knew, his master had laboured over as a man labours at what he believes to be his *magnum opus*.

This had been nearly three years before, but the old man remembered it as if it had been that very month, the bleak, blighted look of disappointment that grew on his master's face as the different reviews arrived.

Monsieur had never mentioned the matter of *The Crystal Ball* to him, and Monsieur did not know of the existence of the scrap-book; but Dagonet knew, when told to pack up for six months on the Continent, that a voyage of consolation was to be undertaken, and that he was tacitly allowed to know that the voyage was of this nature.

They had wandered about France and Italy for eleven months instead of six, and the master had gradually regained his rather stony serenity; but his disappointment, his suffering, had never been hidden from the servant, and the servant had, without a word, shared both.

A wonderful short story, written in Naples about Neapolitans and published in the *New English*, had evoked from the agency a cloud of blue slips full of raptures and enthusiasm, and in his room, high up in a Varese hotel, the servant had read his consignment and rejoiced.

"Here," the critics cried, golden-throated, "is again our James Withorne, our master of psychology, our unerring pathologist"; and more than one frankly thanked the gods, if not God, that the master had returned to his simplicity of language.

Over this enormity of crass British stupidity the critic

in the garret sneered hideous Gallic sneers, for he knew the bitterness of the sweat in which that so-called simplicity had been achieved.

And then had come a year in England; leisurely visits in one or two favoured country houses, where gentle-voiced English men and women hid their shrewdness and cleverness with a veil of modesty and consideration for each other; where religion was still a vital fact of life; where honour was honoured and self-respect respected; where lines between right and wrong were clear and immovable, yet where charity and kindness mellowed and modified both feelings and thoughts. James Withorne was, despite his mannerisms and austerities, welcome in the best of English houses, and these are the best in the whole earth.

"My book was a failure, Lollo," Dagonet once heard him say to his hostess, a beautiful woman on the edge of old age; and he also heard her answer:

"*Some* of us knew, James——"

And then slowly, painfully, broken by sleepless nights that showed in his flat-cheeked, hollow-templed face as if painted there, interrupted by periods of dumb, frightened misery and impatience, the new book was got under way.

Dagonet suffered acutely the first weeks after its inception; it was almost as if he were the sentimentally devoted husband of a pregnant wife; his discomfort and misery almost equalled Withorne's, as the discomfort and misery of some husbands are said to be equal to those of their wives as they carry their children.

And then gradually the skies cleared, and the neatly-written slips of paper on the big writing-table increased by pretty well the same number every day, and Withorne's inexpressive, finely-boned face took on the look that, in him, meant almost perfect happiness.

At six every afternoon Withorne left his study and, in his stealthy way, crept upstairs and took a bath and dressed for dinner. And while he was in process of this refreshment, Dagonet tidied the study and took a look at the day's work. He had always done this, and it had grown to be one of the chief interests of his life. As he reverently piled the scattered papers together and wiped the two pens, alternately used, one for black, the other, for emendations, for red ink, the old Frenchman would sing

softly to himself. He, too, was very happy. He could read more English than his master knew, and, thanks to the clearness of his master's minute writing, he was able to keep fairly well abreast of the story as it progressed. He liked the title—*Abrogations*. He also liked the names of the characters: Alicia Dree, Poynings Ardisty; and in the manservant, an Englishman, despite his singular surname—Melia—the old fellow fancied that he recognised a likeness to himself.

But of late, within the last week, there had come a change. The work had gone more slowly, there were more crumpled slips for him to burn. His master was troubled, and now this afternoon—*le voilà, enfoncé!*

The old man, alone in his tidy and pleasant kitchen, groaned, and then, hearing from upstairs the sound of a carefully closed door, put away his book and padded rapidly to the library.

Chapter 19! And only eight slips written all day, and three of these to be burnt; and the neat writing looked heavy and laboured. *Enfoncé!*

Mournfully the old servant accomplished his little routine of tidying the table, drawing the curtains, and mending the fire, and then went slowly downstairs. It was time for him to begin his dinner.

. . . . . .

It was that very evening that the miracle happened; that Withorne spoke in so many words to his friend and servant of his trouble in his work.

It was after dinner, while the great man (and it must be remembered that, though his life thus far is presented to the reader through the medium of an old French peasant, James Withorne *was* a great man) sat, in his characteristically ceremonious and old-fashioned way, over his glass of port, that it came about. Though there were three women servants in the house, it was Dagonet who not only cooked at least the most important part of his master's food, but who also served his meals. Mrs. Briggs, Adelaide, and Susan were competent and well paid; they did their work thoroughly, and even with good taste, but almost their chief duty, and they knew it, was to keep out of their master's sight. It irritated, almost distressed, him

to see work being done, and Adelaide, who in a normal household would have been that very visible and important functionary the parlourmaid, declared that, though she had been in his service nearly ten years, she would not know her master if she met him in the street!

So it was, as usual, old bow-legged Dagonet who had given Withorne his solitary dinner that important evening, and who, bending over the fireplace, was laying a fresh log on the fire when Withorne suddenly spoke.

"I can't get it right," he said.

Dagonet dropped the log, sending a spray of sparks up against the carved marble chimney-piece.

"Monsieur?"

Across the cold melancholy of his master's face came the sudden softening smile that so redeemed its look of conscious inexpressiveness.

"Poor old Dagonet! I startled you. It is," Withorne went on slowly, "my book. I am, as to my work, in spite, or even possibly because, of the pains I am taking with it, in a measure—I may almost say in a serious, menacing measure—stuck."

Never in all the six and twenty years of their connection had he so spoken, and Dagonet realised, as they looked at each other, that his master was, even while he waited for an answer, seeking in his mind—his mind in which the thought itself was always so crystal clear, and whose vehicles of expression were so tenebrous—words to express his servant's amazed pride and distress at the phenomenon.

"*Enfoncé*——" the old fellow murmured.

"Then you know? You have observed and known before?" Withorne's opaque brown eyes glowed for a moment in the way that was watched for and loved by people who knew and loved him. "You know?"

"*Ah, oui*, Monsieur. I know——"

It was nearly an hour later, an hour filled almost exclusively by Withorne's own voice, as, in one of his worst, most hopeless moods of entangled inexpressiveness, he sought to find the root of his own distress, that Dagonet made his illuminating suggestion.

"Monsieur," he said slowly, his quiet brown hands folded over his large front curve, "is not what one calls

old, but Monsieur is not young. And—never having been married——" After a pause he blurted out, "If it's *love* that you want in the book, can't you—look back and remember?"

. . . . . .

Withorne then remembered; remembered six weeks of his life thirty years ago, spent in Majorca, in a village high up over the sea, in the exhaustingly long Southern spring. It had only been an episode; he had not loved the lady who had been kind enough to make him very happy during his stay; his real love-story had been a much finer and more delicate subsequent thing, but at the time of his love-story his nature had already crystallised into its oddly impersonal, abstract, rather frosty permanency, whereas in the days of the episode of Veronica he had been a youth of five and twenty, still in the crucible, still formless and mobile and curious.

He had never felt any shame or regret for the delightful adventure, and it so happened that its heroine had not either. (Her name was Maud, but it had pleased him to call her Veronica.) She had been a widow, although, so to speak, the corpse had never been identified, and shortly after their return to England—they parted in Paris, that hallowed place of adieux—she had married and gone to live in Bath. Presumably she lived there still, self-respecting and respected, and, he knew, with his desperate clearness of vision, cherishing as *her* love-story what to him was an all-but-forgotten adventure!

It was well after midnight that the full volume of Dagonet's suggestion flashed over Withorne. The Letters to Veronica. The dithyrambic letters it had pleased the budding writer to send his lady day after day with a bunch of flowers. They had been living in a convent where rooms were let to visitors—a large, high-placed, but low-built old house of small red-tiled rooms, opening on to broad terraces almost overhanging the sea. In this almost blatantly romantic place he had found her, in his quest for beauty and solitude after a bout of influenza. And here, surrounded by jasmine, roses, sunlight, and nearly unbroken silence—for they were by chance the only guests at the moment—they had spun the perfect love for four delightful

weeks, and here, from his room on the verandah to hers behind, every morning he sent his letters to her by pretty, bare-footed Concha, the maid—love-letters of a conscious artist, a pæan indeed to Love, although he had known as he wrote them that they were not sent to *his* love. Pretty, velvety, golden-eyed Veronica!

She had loved the letters and been proud of them, and when her sister and brother-in-law, with whom she had come to the Island, and who had been recalled to Valencia (Mr. Botley was in the orange trade) by the illness of their little boy, decided not to return, the letters had, Withorne knew, gone with their recipient and him in their decorous progress to Paris, in the lady's little violet morocco dressing-case. No doubt she had them now, poor thirty-year-old love-letters, that, beautiful as they were, yet, he knew, had less right to the name than the blotted, ill-spelt letters of many a ploughboy, or even the scented, commercial-handed communications of many an unpleasant young gentleman in a draper's establishment.

Withorne had, with the born writer's fatal and blighting clear-sightedness, known, even as he wrote them, that they were letters of value—"too good to waste"; and now, as he recalled them, he knew that they, and only they, could help him in his dire trouble with his book. He was old, and his hero, Poynings Ardisty, was young. Ardisty must make love, young, red-blooded, hot love; and while he, James Withorne, had lost, whether for ever or only for the moment, at least for the moment, with hideous and appalling conclusiveness, the power of making his young man express his youthful green passion, that other James Withorne had expressed such a youthful green passion with magnificent clarity and strength in those old Letters to Veronica!

The letters must be got and used. He must go to Bath to see Mrs.—Mrs.—— After a moment, as he opened his *A.B.C.*, he remembered the name—Mrs. Joseph Curwood. An uncommon name, one that it would be easy to seek out.

. . . . . .

It was raining when, after lunch at an hotel, Mr. Withorne set forth to Mr. Joseph Curwood's house. Mr. Curwood, it appeared, was still alive, though for some

reason unanalysed and illogical his unexpected visitor had presupposed for him an already long settlement in another world.

"Oh, yes," the waiter, who was his informant, told the novelist, "he's *alive*, Mr. Curwood, he's alive."

Something in the waiter's face and voice (Withorne in his own mind labelled him fractious and doughy) told his observer that Mr. Curwood's right to be alive was one that the waiter would, had he had, so to speak, the ghost of a right to do so, have challenged with some acrimony. Evidently Veronica's husband was not popular.

In spite of the rain, Withorne walked to his destination. He possessed a sense of the appropriate (he called it "the right") that never let him down, and he knew that for him to arrive at Veronica's house in a taxi, or even an archaically crawling growler, would be wrong. It was right he should, so to speak, run his quarry to earth on his own two feet; that his feet should even be slightly muddied by his pilgrimage; and that, as actually happened, Mr. Joseph Curwood's parlourmaid should regret the wetness of his irreproachable hat as she took it from him.

The house, he perceived as he made his way upstairs, was horrible. Its horror he felt keenly, to an extent that positively caused him pain, but even in the short journey behind the wasp-waisted handmaid he realised that a description of it would have occasioned him a far acuter suffering, for its horrors were of a peculiar and, to him, hitherto unmet with kind. Oh, the seeking for words that would be his if——!

But outside the drawing-room door, on the panels of which were painted a clump of lugubrious and pasty water-lilies and an equally unfelicitous representation of corn-poppies, he realised with a sigh of relief that he need never attempt such a description.

"Mrs. Curwood's in the nursery," the maid said as she switched on the light inside the door, thus revealing what even his first glance perceived to be an absolute Chamber of Horrors of furnishing, "with the baby."

Withorne swallowed hard. "With the what?"

"The baby. She's 'ad a bad time with 'er teeth."

One of his ridiculous, senseless fits of shyness and terror rushed over the unhappy man. He had got to the

wrong house! And the people whose furniture was so abominable, whose sense of colour was so blasting, would receive his excuses and—be kind. With actual terror he realised that they would *laugh it off*.

"I—I fear I have made a mistake," he murmured, so low that the young servant could hardly hear him. "The Mrs. Curwood I wished to see is—she is—no longer young. She——" Feeling to the full that he was being ridiculous, he ended with a wild flourish of his hand, "She couldn't *possibly* have a baby!"

The maid eyed him (as he had known she was going to do) with a compassion that was horribly belittling in its amiable, surprised pity. "Oh, that's all right, sir," she returned affably. "You probably mean old Mrs. Curwood."

When she had left him he sank into a high chair of odious and ostentatious softness and closed his eyes. Yes, that was it. It *was* old Mrs. Curwood he was after. His velvety Veronica was old Mrs. Curwood, and he was old Mr. Withorne!

The moment comes to most of us when he or she is brought face to face with the fact that he or she is, to a newer generation, old Mr. or old Mrs. So-and-so. This was Withorne's, and though he was the last man on earth to cherish illusions about himself, the moment was a horrid one.

If the house had been a smaller one, its distances shorter, its front door easier of access, it is quite possible that he might have fled from the opulent and ornate apartment in which he so miserably sat. But his lightning mind saw the scene of his being caught by the maid; he saw her surprise; heard her voice full of wonder; and even sitting on in the frightful easy-chair by the appalling mantelpiece was better than being re-conducted back to it, as he knew he should, in the event of an attempted escape, be re-conducted. So he sat still.

It would be as impossible to describe his misery as it would be to find the reasons for it. To most people the room in Orleans Crescent would have been either funnily vulgar or vulgarly funny, but to James Withorne its combinations of colour, its heavy ornateness, its over-luxuriousness, even the sound-deadening quality of its

carpet, were (to him who hated sound!) things dreadful almost to the point of vileness.

There was no sentimentality in his horror, no regret that his Veronica could have contrived such a nest for herself. She had never been in any vital sense *his* Veronica, and, as he had never loved her, he had never read into her qualities that she did not possess. The room was horrid and hideous; it was not a misbegotten shrine for his old love, but it was of itself, in itself, utterly irrespective of Maud Clay, a dreadful and degrading abiding-place. So he sat in his great chair and waited and suffered.

. . . . . .

An hour later he still sat there, slightly consoled by premature but excellent tea and muffins, and opposite him sat his poor Veronica, old Mrs. Curwood. He had regained his composure, and his wooden, curiously immobile face wore its usual aspect of calm. He had been (and knew it) agreeable, simple, and sympathetic, but as yet had not approached the subject of the letters.

The conversation had remained, as it began, entirely in his hostess's hands. She had discussed her twenty-eight years of married life; she had murmured that her husband had "adored" her (as is the way of dead husbands); she had even told him that her first baby, who died, had been called "Jimmy."

"Luckily," Mrs. Curwood added, "*he* had a brother named James, so it was all right." Her second boy, he who owned the house (and the baby who, unknown to her, had been the occasion of such a bad moment to her visitor!), she had called Joe, and Joe had been the perfect son. "Good and kind and affectionate, and everything a mother could wish—Jimmy," she said, her voice (which had not changed) very musical.

For many years no one had called James Withorne Jimmy, and he winced; but she did not see, and presently she put to him the most pathetic question a woman can ask a man:

"Do you think I have changed much?"

Had she changed? He moaned mentally. Dear God! had she changed? Had she, his graceful, velvet-cheeked, dewy-eyed Veronica—his Veronica of the sweet low bust and the clustered hair—changed in becoming this old

woman to whom belonged in all its horrors, all its finality, the word "well-preserved"!

She was fat and skilfully corseted; her "front" was what he felt, with his horrid prescience, she called "a perfect match" to her dead hair of thirty years ago; and her eyes, the sweet dewy eyes of old, had grown wary among crocodile-like wrinkles. Yes, she was like an old, clever crocodile in appearance, asleep, but in reality keenly awake, in the sluggish waters of the Nile.

"Have I?" she repeated, her old hands, kind, hospitable, wrinkled, and ring-charged, the hands he had once kissed and compared to magnolia leaves, hovering hospitably over the tea-things. "Have I changed much, Jimmy?"

He lied, poor little great man, and he suffered acutely as he did so. And as he lied, and as he suffered, his mind formed one conclusion—a conclusion charged possibly with conceit, but charged also with an odd characteristic Withorne-like respect.

Whatever might happen to his book and to the wretched, confused, at-a-loss man, his hero, Poynings Ardisty, he, James Withorne, could not and would not ask for and use in that book his old letters written years ago, in her flowery youth, to this poor old woman, this pathetic, commonplace old middle-class dowager, Maud Curwood. He could not and would not ask her for the Letters to Veronica.

Finally he rose. "I must be off," he said; and when she gave him her hand he kissed it.

"It was kind of you to come, Jimmy," she returned; and after a pause she went on, "I have—never forgotten. I suppose it was all wrong, but—somehow——" she hesitated, and into the crocodile-like eyes crept two pathetic tears, "it seemed so—so very right."

"It was right," he answered gently.

There was another pause, and then she asked in a slow, hesitating voice: "Then—often I've thought you didn't—— But—did you? I mean, you *did* really care? I did, you know. Joe was never," she added, "the same to me as you—— Did you really care, Jimmy?"

The loathsome ornate clock on the mantelpiece struck six, and Withorne waited until its last reverberations had

died away. Then he told his crowning lie, a brave and, perhaps, a noble lie, as he faced the old woman who even in her youth had been nothing to him.

"Yes," he said carefully and slowly, "I did care, Veronica."

. . . . . .

When he found himself—knowing that he had kissed her hand, and that in her adieux she had in some way invoked God's name—in the street, he stood still, turning up his coat-collar.

He had not even mentioned the Letters to Veronica. He did not know, he never would know, whether or not she had kept them. He knew only that what in the old days he had written, half in passion, half in an abominable artistic impulse, to make, by the use of felicitous words, a romantic little adventure, he had sent to her in the letters, was no longer his.

His Veronica was an old woman, he himself was an old man. The Jimmy of those days, the Veronica of those days, were alike dead and gone, and what that old Jimmy had written to that old Veronica was not only dead, but sacred.

If his very life had been at stake, he realised, as he hailed an ancient four-wheeler and climbed into it, he could not have asked Mrs. Curwood—his velvety Veronica—to let him have the old letters for literary use.

She might have burnt the letters as rubbish; she might now be cherishing them as sacred. *He would never know.*

And as, five minutes later, he paid off his cabman and went up to his room to change his boots before dinner, he realised that these things were none of his business. They were, because of the fact that she had loved him and he had *not* loved her, *her* business.

Then he asked himself sadly and in deep depression what on earth he was to do with Poynings Ardisty? And as he sat down at the table and unfolded his napkin, he asked himself, with a further sigh, a further question: What would Dagonet say?

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THERE has been a disposition in some quarters to consider that music has in some degree failed us in the war, in the sense that it has failed to provide an avenue of expression such as the army of young poets has given us. In so far as the charge is specifically levelled at the British composer it falls to the ground at once, for it could only be supported by irrefutable evidence that the composers of other belligerent nations had succeeded better, and none of those making the charge has, so far as I am aware, adduced such evidence, if indeed it exists. The British composer has learned patience under rebuke of this kind, but it is taking him at an unfair advantage to single him out for reproach at this season.

For my part, I hold that it is premature to raise the question at all. The art of music moves in a world of subjective emotion which transcends the expressiveness of words. Admittedly a wider distance separates it from actualities than is the case with literature. May we not assume that it will take longer to travel that distance? It has always been so in the past. The great music influenced by great events has always come after them. The music that was contemporary with them has mostly given no more than a superficial and tawdry reflection of them. Nothing would have been more distasteful to every thinking music-lover than to find the composers whom he esteemed throwing themselves upon those aspects of the war which could be probed amid the stress of events. In the early days a writer of popular ballads felt moved to compose a "Heroic" overture, and I remember that my comment on it was that he was driving home the first lesson of the war, that heroes, after all, are made of everyday material. The last thing in the world that we wanted then, or want now, is a musical treatment of the "panache." With a few unimportant

exceptions such as the above, the musician has wisely refrained from inflicting it upon us. In that measure he has not failed, but succeeded. When, however, a comparison is made between his positive accomplishment and that of the poet, there is certainly at the first glance some excuse for the superficial view, for the poet has been copiously articulate, and the musician rarely so. The explanation that the ideas from which music proceeds take longer to reach expression does not fully account for the striking difference. But when you come to examine the mass of poetry inspired by the war you find that the bulk of it is in the smaller forms, and largely of an episodic, or even anecdotal, character. Even poetry, with its more accessible means of expression, has not probed the depths, nor has it approached the larger forms, or the epic. Now there is every reason to presume that the ultimate expression in music of the times we live in will take one or both of these directions. It will either be of soul-searching intensity, or it will correspond to the grandeur of the issues, and, if we are fortunate, it will do both. But if poetry has not yet reached that stage, how can we expect it of music? In the anecdotal stage corresponding to that of poetry the achievements of music, if less voluminous, have not been disappointing. I mean such glimpses of the war as are afforded us in Elgar's "Une Voix dans le Désert," in Debussy's "Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de Maisons," or in Frank Bridge's "Lament," in memory of a child friend who, with her entire family, was a victim of the *Lusitania* outrage. If there has been no abundance of such music, there has been at least enough of it to rebut the charge of failure. Most of it, too, has been of high expressive quality. We, with our tendency towards emphasis, may possibly find the device selected by Debussy somewhat too "precious" for the occasion. It happens to be a Latin mode of expression which is not ours, but, properly understood, the child who sings this carol is deeply symbolical of the suffering peoples of Europe who find themselves involved in a cataclysm by forces as unintelligent and irresistible as those which have burned down the child's home. It is as eloquent a condemnation of the world-incendiary as it is of the Pomeranian sergeant who supervised the destruction. In the same way I find something

of more than anecdotal significance in Frank Bridge's "Lament," and of more than national significance in Elgar's "The Spirit of England," although I do not think the latter has expressed himself with complete felicity.

Even those more remote aspects at which I have hinted have not left the composer untouched. To mention only one instance, I cannot think that the art of John Ireland would have taken its present direction, or met with such comprehending recognition, had it not been influenced, consciously or otherwise, by the spirit of the times. Much of what he has written during the last three years is, in my opinion, a vanguard of the music in which that spirit will find expression in its own day. Certain works I have seen emanating from the progressive group of young Italian composers contain indications of another kind which are no less interesting. Your modern Italian is a realist. Among the Western nations there is none whose intellectual life is more steeped in actuality. Now, despite the nobility it has evolved in action and in sentiment, the war is an unbeautiful subject. It has less than any of its predecessors of those redeeming features which supply the poet and the musician with the softening element of the picturesque. Some of the Italians are keenly alive to this, and instead of making the most of such picturesque material as they can discover, they are boldly facing the issue and setting the musical thought with which it inspires them in the hard crudity of the surrounding horrors. Whether such art will live I cannot presume to guess, but I feel that its uncompromising harshness, which is no bar to noble sentiment, comes nearer to being an expression of what many of us feel than can be met with in lofty musical idealism. Crudities are not expressed in smooth phrases, and the dominant fact of to-day is crude violence. Eloquence would be easy, but surely that may be left to the politicians who have served us so ill. Were I a creative artist I should look upon eloquence at present as the most dangerous pitfall in my path. This is no time for fine phrases in the expression of the war, and I am grateful to the composers who have given us none.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Suarez Case

By R. S. Garnett

Of late there has been a good deal in the papers anent the troubles of a certain Ambassador or Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. What precisely it has all meant has not been clear to most people, and might not be much clearer if read in the Law Reports. The case being an unusual one of considerable public interest, I have been invited to explain it.

Ever since, and probably long before, 1040 B.C., when Hamun King of Ammon took David's Ambassadors and "shaved off the one-half of their beards and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their buttocks, and sent them away," * and David, justly provoked, slew the men of seven hundred chariots and forty thousand horsemen of the Ammonites and their allies, the beards and garments of Ambassadors have enjoyed, except in the rarest instances, a happy security in the countries of their diplomatic missions. It is true that in different ages divers ignorant and vulgar persons, not finding the law of nations, by which Ambassadors are universally protected, on the statute books, have offended against the same law; hence it has been necessary to make declaratory enactments penalising offenders.

In 1657, for instance, the States of Holland, finding that there were even some *gens insolents emportés et dissolus* who dared to pretend that Ambassadors were not privileged at all, dated from The Hague a declaration which forbade all persons whomsoever thenceforth from offending, damaging, impeding, or insulting, either directly or indirectly, any Ambassador, Minister, or Agent of a foreign State—either him or his servants, carriages, etc., on pain of incurring our *dernière indignation* and of suffering corporal punishment as violators of the law of

*2nd of Samuel, chap. x.

nations and disturbers of the public peace. And in 1708 our Queen Anne was moved by Peter the Great's wrath at the arrest in London of his Ambassador for a debt of £50 to pass a similar law. The Diplomatic Privileges Act (Sec. 3), in fact, provides that *all writs and processes that shall at any time hereafter be sued forth or prosecuted whereby the person of any Ambassador or other Publick Minister of any foreign Prince or State, authorised and received as such by Her Majesty, her heirs or successors, or the domesticks or domestick servants of any such Ambassador, or other Public Minister, may be arrested or imprisoned, or his or their goods or chattels may be distrained, seized, or attached, shall be deemed and adjudged to be utterly null and void to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatever.* And the 4th Section of the Act, to prevent the like occurrences, prescribes for offenders such pains, penalties, and corporal punishment as the Lord Chancellor, Lord Keeper, and Chief Justices or any two of them shall judge fit to be imposed and inflicted.

Lord Campbell laid down in clear language the principles upon which an Ambassador is free from being impleaded in our courts. "An Ambassador does not owe even a temporary allegiance to the Sovereign to whom he is accredited, and he has at least as great privileges from suits as the Sovereign whom he represents. He is not supposed even to live within the territory of the Sovereign to whom he is accredited, and if he has done nothing to forfeit or to waive his privilege he is for all juridical purposes supposed to be in his own country."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Ambassadors being immune for the sake of the comity of nations from proceedings in the countries to which they are accredited, certain among them have from time to time caused much turmoil, loss, and damage in those same countries. The grave and learned de Wicquefort, in his work *Mémoires touchant les Ambassadeurs et les Ministres Publics*—entertaining because so divertingly serious—(a volume of 517 pp., which he wrote in prison in 1676 without books), assembles many instances; and Pepys' lively account of the great fight in the streets of Westminster between the French and Spanish Ambassadors and their suites (which Charles II. wisely refrained from stopping), when the

Spaniard prevailed chiefly because his people hit on the expedient of lining the harness of his coach-horses with chains of iron so that they could not be cut, will be present to many minds. In more recent days, for a variety of reasons, the affairs of several foreign Ministers or their servants have been the subject of actions in our Courts despite the statute of Anne, the reason being that Sec. 3 of that Act is merely declaratory of the law of nations as understood in this country. Now there is nothing in such law which forbids a foreign Ambassador from being a party to an action here if he and his Sovereign so wish. It is easy to imagine a case in which a Minister may be desirous of participating in the administration of a fund in Court; or I may suppose an affair in which he has publicly seemed to play a sorry part, but which on investigation may prove to have been a worthy one. In either instance, his Sovereign being willing, he, waiving his privilege, may submit to our jurisdiction and the case may proceed. But may it proceed to the last stage and extremity? Supposing the Ambassador to lose his case, may his goods and chattels, or any portion of them, be taken in execution, or is the jurisdiction of our Courts confined to a (possibly) barren investigation into the rights of the parties? And, to take the matter a further step, supposing the Ambassador to lose his office during the litigation which he has courted or submitted to, does the statute of Anne shelter him from the inconvenience and losses of execution because when the writ was issued he was a privileged person? Let us see.

In the centre of South America is that vast country without a seaboard (or surely Joseph Conrad would have given us a Bolivian romance) known as the Republic of Bolivia. Bolivia! The Incas and their Empire, the Spanish conquest and domination, the War of Independence and the Republic with its President, the Andes with their snow-clad peaks, the illimitable forests—mostly unexplored—mighty rivers, mines of Potosi, and, above all, the inexhaustible supplies of rubber, flash into one's mind. Well, henceforth it seems that we must connect with it also the Suarez case. To the Court of St. James's Bolivia sent some years ago Colonel Pedro Suarez as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. A glance at the

current edition of a popular work of reference enumerates the many orders and decorations bestowed on the Colonel, and describes him as having declined the Vice-Presidency of Bolivia and as being a member of all the military clubs in London.

Our drama now begins. The reader will please imagine a succession to an intestate's vast estate in dispute between various relatives and Colonel Pedro Suarez as chief character, not in his ambassadorial capacity, but as administrator of such estate (in which it may be said he claimed to be entitled as one of the next-of-kin to a substantial share); and the reader will please understand that the present action—one for administration by the English Court—was commenced by a beneficiary, Don Nicolas Suarez, against the administrator Pedro, into whose hands the estate had fallen. The issue of what is called an Originating Summons in the Chancery Division began such action, and Don Pedro's solicitors were asked by letter whether they would accept service. They replied: "Our client is perfectly willing to have the estate administered by the Court. In fact, he was considering taking the same step himself, and if you will let us have the original summons we will endorse thereon our acceptance of service." A few months later Don Pedro's counsel stated to the Judge in Court that his client had personally instructed him to waive his privilege, and later on the plaintiff agreed on being given conduct of the action to account to the estate for moneys (if any) in his hands as was desired by Don Pedro. It should be said here that before the Originating Summons was issued Pedro, as administrator, had paid or claimed to have paid to next-of-kin £22,000 odd, but the certificate issued in the Judge's Chambers found that over £60,000 was due from him. Don Pedro afterwards voluntarily lodged in Court £19,500 Consols, and, admitting that he owed the money, paid in £3,698 3*s*. 6*d*. besides, and he obtained the assent of the Bolivian Government to his submitting to the jurisdiction of the Court. On the accounts being looked into, it appeared that Pedro had received in particular a sum of £16,000. This was claimed by the plaintiff to be a part of intestate's estate, but Pedro claimed to retain it as his own. On cross-examination, although the plaintiff's allegation was vehemently denied by Pedro,

the documents, inclusive of his own letters, were too much for him, and his counsel, admitting that the evidence before the Court was too strong, left the matter in the Judge's hands. The £16,000 was never lodged in Court, nor was a sum of £30,254 dealt with by a subsequent order paid in. Pedro departed for Bolivia the day after a "four-day" order (*i.e.*, an order to pay in four days) as to the £16,000 was made, and the day before he ought to have attended at the Law Courts to be examined as to his means. He left, however, the following letter directed to his solicitors :—

"March 8th, 1917.

"DEAR SIRS,—

"As you are aware, during the last three years I have been trying to obtain evidence from Bolivia in regard to the cases, and that all the documents that have been sent to me from there have gone astray. In view of this, I have requested the Bolivian Government to grant me leave to go personally and obtain all the documents and particulars I require. This leave has been granted me, allowing me three months from the 1st inst., and as the time is so very short, and as it is necessary to avail myself of the first steamer going out, I am unable to attend the Court on Friday, the 9th inst. I should therefore be greatly obliged to you if you would express my regret to the Master, assuring him that it is quite unavoidable. As time at my disposal is so very short, I shall not be able, as I had intended, to make out a written statement in regard to my financial standing, but I will endeavour to send it from Bolivia.

"Yours faithfully,

"PEDRO SUAREZ."

Then a summons was issued by the plaintiff under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Acts for leave to proceed to execution, and that the plaintiff might be at liberty to issue a writ of sequestration against Pedro's property and effects. On the case being argued, Pedro's counsel successfully contended that the Court had no jurisdiction to issue a writ of execution even to seize movable goods unconnected with the personal comfort or dignity of the Ambassador. The Judge stated that there had been a submission to the

jurisdiction for all purposes short of execution, and although the facts disclosed in the proceedings established an unfortunate inability on the part of Pedro to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*, and would therefore compel him to make the order asked if he thought it would be effective, yet in view of the state of the law, as it appeared to him, and not overlooking the great practical difficulties which would present themselves in selecting what could be seized, he thought it proper to make no order but directed the summons to stand over generally, with liberty to restore in the event of Pedro ceasing to hold his privileged office. Don Pedro, for the time being, had won; by submitting to the jurisdiction he had put himself right with his Government, he had gained four years' time, he still owed a very large sum of money, and he was in Bolivia with his beard and garments intact; nay, his ambassadorial residence, his real and personal estate, oxen and asses, flocks and herds, goods and chattels were inviolate. So Act I. of the drama ended.

But there was to be an Act II., and an exciting one.

On September 21st Sir Walter Langley, on behalf of the Foreign Office, wrote to the plaintiff's solicitors:—

"I am directed by Mr. Secretary Balfour to inform you that His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at La Paz has now ascertained and reported by telegraph that the Bolivian Government has terminated the appointment of Colonel Pedro Suarez as Bolivian Minister at this Court. His name has accordingly been removed from the Diplomatic List."

On that letter the plaintiff restored his summons to the Judge, who, after strenuous arguments of counsel on both sides, gave leave to the plaintiff to issue a writ of sequestration against Pedro, describing him as a "fugitive from justice" and a man "not to be believed on his oath." From that judgment Pedro appealed to the Court of Appeal. The fight, hitherto hot, was now one of life or death. If Pedro succeeded, all the proceedings which had lasted for years would have to commence *de novo*, and against a man out of the jurisdiction; if he lost, he would be a ruined man because of his property here which would be sequestrated.

Don Pedro's counsel, girding up his loins but wisely admitting that his client had no merits, clung with all the desperation of a drowning man to the famous statute of Anne. He strenuously argued that the whole proceedings were not merely voidable, but null and void to all purposes whatsoever by virtue of Sec. 3 thereof (quoted above). This being so, he contended that the Court had no jurisdiction to interfere, Pedro, at the time of the Originating Summons which started the ball, being immune from all writs, lets, and hindrances from giving his whole time to the duties of his post. And with regard to the waiver of privilege he argued that a nullity cannot be confirmed—in other words, there being no jurisdiction, there was no Court to try the case. He maintained that a Sovereign could waive the general privilege accorded to him by the comity of nations, but that an Ambassador could not do so because of the statute of Anne, which protected him whether he would or no for reasons of public policy.

The argument appeared to find some favour with one of the three Lords Justices of Appeal, he feeling considerable doubts whether a writ by statute apparently a nullity is made effective by the consent of the defendant. The Court then adjourned.

The next day plaintiff's counsel rose in his turn. He argued that Sec. 3 of the Act of Anne is merely declaratory of the common law; that it had been decided that a writ sued forth against a Minister is not *per se* void; and that if he assents to the jurisdiction the proceedings may be perfectly proper, and may continue apart from the question of seizing the person or the goods. He further contended that an Originating Summons asking for administration of the estate of a gentleman whose administrator is a Minister in this country is not one of those writs or processes which in their natural consequences would have the effect of touching the person or the goods of an Ambassador. In this case, he said, Don Pedro was interested in the subject-matter of the action; he had taken part in it for his own ends, and had assisted the Court. Why, because he was a Minister, should he be unable to come in and try to obtain that to which he was entitled? Then he reminded the Court that Pedro had undertaken to administer the estate of a gentleman dying in this country according to

the law of England, notwithstanding the statute of Anne. The processes in an administration suit were not likely to embarrass an Ambassador who has acted honestly. He pointed out that the process would be in regard to the deceased's goods, and not to those of the Ambassador. And he argued that as, after Don Pedro had waived his privilege, he had filed affidavits and accounts, he could not successfully say that the jurisdiction was null and void and, in fact, set up his privilege again. He referred to the almost open secret that if he had not "waived" he would have ceased to be Minister. The Lords Justices intimated that they would consider their judgment.

When the Court reassembled a week or two later there was a feeling of tense expectancy in the air. Would a cable go that day to Pedro in Bolivia informing him that he had won or that he had lost? In ringing tones the Presiding Lord Justice read a marvellously lucid and closely reasoned judgment; he decided in favour of the plaintiff. His brother next in seniority followed, and he, too, was against Don Pedro. The third Judge felt that Pedro could not benefit by any doubts as to the writ of summons by which the action was commenced being void under the statute of Anne, as he was estopped by his conduct in participating in the proceedings from now alleging their invalidity.

The great case was at an end.

To arrive at a decision so obviously just, the Court had to find that a writ declared by statute to be void and the persons who issued it subject to corporal punishment, was in reality not void, but liable to be made good by the assent of the defendant Ambassador. Don Pedro's waiver of privilege, though doubtless necessary to put him right with his Government, had therefore cost him dear. I cannot help thinking that the object of the draftsman of the statute was to punish all those concerned with the issue of writs intended to deprive a foreign Minister of his liberty or of his goods, and was not pointed at writs designed to obtain the opinion of the Court on a question of law or fact. Many years ago the Court of Appeal gave a contrary decision, and it remains for another Ambassador on a future occasion to listen to the House of Lords in the matter.

Sir E. Carson Retires

By the Editor

More than six months ago the Government set up a Convention in Ireland under the wise presidency of Sir Horace Plunkett. At first we were given to understand that all was well, and the Press intimated an almost weekly finding, but gradually even the hints were omitted, so that for many months now no man in England (not behind the scenes) has heard anything at all about the Convention with the exception of the stock allusions to it automatically made in Parliament whenever any Irish question came up for discussion which the Protestant Irish influence in the House did not favour. But in Ireland, of course, most men knew, most Irishmen have known for months past that Ulster was "blocking" all constructive effort; most men recognised that but for the remarkable patience of the President and the almost pedantic earnestness of the Nationalist members and those intellectually associated with a happy Ireland, the Convention would long ago have dissolved in hopeless confusion and yet another failure would have been registered by the Lloyd George administration.

When I was in Ireland in August, already men spoke in despair. Sir E. Carson's Ulster Press had been violently attacking the Convention; the *Northern Whig* openly consigned its labours to the waste-paper basket. The Ulster Press did this brazenly without rebuke from their Ministerial leader; to-day I read the Ulster newspapers in mid-January, and I again find them talking of "fighting to the death" with the usual war-cries of implacable hostility.

This *impasse* every man conversant with facts foresaw. For one thing, the Government made the fatal blunder of establishing a secret Convention, thereby enabling Ulster to pursue its well-known game of "blocking" unknown to the public, unknown (I need not say) to his Majesty's Government. The only chance of success lay in the democratic principle of publicity—we have only to refer to the astonishing moral victory of Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk to realise that sincerity can court publicity, whereas

duplicity cannot. The Irish question is hundreds of years old. Four years ago Home Rule was granted Ireland by law. The sole question therefore was the nature of the autonomy to be given, seeing that this country and Parliament had long ago decided upon the principle which, but for Sir E. Carson and his German-rifled Covenanters, would have produced a contented Ireland in 1914—a condition which, owing to its magical effect upon America at the time, might well have led to American active intervention two years ago.

Our breach of faith over Home Rule was the greatest Imperial blunder we have ever made. It led directly to Sinn Fein and to the disruption of Irish constitutional Nationalism,* and so to the Easter rising, the reprisals and death of Thomas Ashe; in Australia it is the Irish vote which threw down conscription; in short, the incredible shame of Ireland has reduced our pretensions of fighting for democracy, liberty, and the right of self-determination to hollow fraud, and we are seen to be bankrupt not only in statesmanship, but even in common sense, which has always been the glory of our English civilisation.

Englishmen, unfortunately, do not bother about Ireland. They do not know that last summer the police policy pursued in Ireland almost led to a tragedy† which might have lost us the sympathy of the world; they do not know of the conspiracy of the Anglo-Irish and Ulster influences in England to attempt conscription—which would have led to civil war; they do not know that Ulster all this time has been laughing with her tongue in her cheek, blocking, and determined to block, any settlement calculated to lessen the political power of Ulster misused in the name of England. Yet this is so. And Englishmen will have now to devote some attention to the Irish problem if they mean to go to a Peace Conference with any hope of being credited with sincerity, and so will the British Government.

The Convention must shortly issue a report or admit to failure. No man who knows Ireland anticipates success, still less in the light of the rapid evolution of Europe in

* Mr. Redmond has virtually lost his influence to-day and will never be able to regain it.

† Some day the part played by THE ENGLISH REVIEW in defeating this intrigue will be published.

the direction of democratic emancipation as exemplified in the freedom of the Russian peoples and the passionate claims of Home Rule that come to us ever more insistently from India. The question therefore is: What does Mr. Lloyd George intend to do? Is Britain to kow-tow before Sir E. Carson's Covenanters, and so legitimise Sinn Fein, or shall we make a great gesture and give to Ireland that interdependence which is her due and that happiness which is our Imperial justification?

A short while ago the idea was mooted to send General Smuts or some Colonial leader to Ireland to "see" Sinn Fein and search honestly for agreement; but the plan fell through, as usual; meanwhile, the Nationalist Party has lost more ground in Ireland, and to-day, with grave difficulties about food, the situation threatens once more to become "impossible" because the Government seems incapable of taking a decision and is palsied by the Ulster influence.

The British Press is forbidden to discuss the Convention*; attempts were made all last summer to prevent the Press from discussing Ireland at all. The few debates in Parliament have been conspicuous for their insincerity and futility; from Sir E. Carson we have not heard a word. Yet he is the man directly responsible for Sinn Fein. He it was who almost drew us into civil war in 1914, though he must have known of the German menace—he was in Berlin a few months before the outbreak of war; it is he who has brought about the shame of Ireland to-day; it is his presence in the War Cabinet which stands in the way of settlement. For years he has sat for Dublin; from his lips we have never caught a word about the Dublin slums—the greatest blot in these Islands. So long as his utterly sinister political influence directs the Cabinet there can be no Irish settlement.

How long are Englishmen going to put up with this shame? It is the gravest question of Empire. All America is watching us—and let us not forget that without America we can do nothing. The whole world is wondering at our stupidity in being thus misled by a man who is an admitted rebel. Australia rejected conscription

* Except the Ulster Press which has persistently derided it, though Sir E. Carson was Head of Propaganda.

because of him and his confederates. And when we talk of the "little peoples," Europe smiles; and Young Russia, who will in all probability lead the democracies of Europe in the period of reconstruction after the war, points mockingly to Ireland and to the name of the Old Bailey lawyer.

Almost alone in Europe, Irishmen, the Catholic Irishmen who have always been the pride of our Army, refuse to fight in the greatest crisis in the greatest war in history. We dare not even extend to them the law of compulsion. To this tragedy has the Act of Union led, because it never was an Act of Union, but a device and a snare. If Sir E. Carson were a great man he would leave the Government,* recognising that his presence was a fatal bar to settlement; and if he were so to act I would be the first to honour him. What, then, are we to do?

Acquiesce? Go on submitting to the Governmental policy of drift and opportunism, in the hope that the Convention may produce something and so "dish" Sinn Fein? If so, it will be a useless policy. It will lead us into deeper chaos, into still greater confusion. We are living in times of elemental swiftness and change, in which the old methods are doomed to failure. Interdependence can alone solve the age-long problem of Ireland, and, whether we like it or not, we shall have sooner or later to agree to it. Even Mr. Garvin, who shouted loudest in 1914 that "Ulster would fight," uttered one of his Sabbatarian admonitions, the other day, appealing to his former leader. When Ulster journalists see the light, then we may be sure that something is amiss. There is. Nothing less than the truth of our civilisation is at stake, and if we fail to take an honourable decision now, the man who started revolution in Ulster may yet lose us the world-issue of the war.

* N.B.—Since the above was written Sir E. Carson has resigned. I tender to him my sincere congratulations. Unfortunately, it seems unsafe to pass judgment unreservedly, because the wording of his letter of resignation makes it clear that he entered the Government under the impression that Ireland would not be discussed during the war (a strange revelation of Ministerial intrigue), and now leaves it because the Irish question is reopened, reserving the right "to be entirely unfettered in forming a judgment as to the new situation which may arise." We shall see what this means shortly. I greatly fear it means the return to "the Protestant Boys" attitude, and, if so, it means war, in which connection the public may do well to watch the development of the curious advertisement recently in the *Times*, appealing as a "Brotherhood," for conscription in Ireland.

Paying for the War

By Frederick Temple

Mr. Hume, in his essay on *The Balance of Power*, remarks that, "We are such true combatants that, when once engaged, we lose all concern for ourselves and for posterity, and consider how we may best annoy the enemy. To mortgage our resources at so deep a rate in wars where we were only accessories was surely the most fatal delusion that a nation which had any pretensions to politics or prudence had ever yet been guilty of." Some of us may be disposed to wonder whether, in view of the happenings in the world of finance during the past three and a half years, we have learned as much as we might have done from past experience, and whether as a nation we are any less reluctant to mortgage the resources of posterity, even at a reckless rate, than we were at the period to which Mr. Hume refers. It is impossible to reflect with satisfaction that, at a time when the nation is passing through a world-war of unprecedented, and it may be of unsurpassable, magnitude, the methods adopted by the Treasury for financing the war have received no independent examination from any quarter whatsoever in the House of Commons. And each of the past Chancellors of the Exchequer has been content to approve, according to the etiquette of the situation, in a more or less qualified degree, the course adopted by his successor for the time being. It will be agreed that, when dealing with high finance, the ordinary leader of public opinion is not inherently qualified for the purpose of giving guidance to his followers. That is one reason, perhaps, why no independent critic has had the temerity to manifest his existence, and why, in a financial sense, we seem to be losing "all concern for ourselves and for posterity." Privately there are murmurings of discontent, but these rarely find expression, and are assumed to be set at rest by the comforting words of Mr.

Montagu spoken in the House of Commons when Financial Secretary to the Treasury: "The House may rest assured that we shall do nothing whatsoever in opposition to the considered opinion of the banks."

Nevertheless, it is the bankers themselves who, thinking of the after-war problem, are said to be among the most anxious members of the community, and not, perhaps, without cause. It is true that so far all has been well with them. In all the history of finance there has been no parallel to the amazing position which found the banks, when the war broke out, unable to fulfil their obligations to their customers and the public without seeking and obtaining the aid of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enable them to rehabilitate themselves, and the circumstances which find them to-day entrenched in an apparently impregnable position. No dispassionate observer can fail to realise that, whatever class of the community may have suffered from the effects of the war, the financial interests represented by the great banking institutions have been immeasurably strengthened and consolidated, thanks largely to the course adopted by Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer at the outbreak of the war, when, in obedience doubtless to their "considered opinion," he placed at their disposal, upon negligibly easy terms, the monopoly value of the currency notes issued by the Treasury on behalf of the nation, up to an amount not exceeding 20 per cent. of their liabilities upon deposit and current accounts. Thanks also to the generous way in which the Treasury came to their assistance "without recourse" when they found themselves possessed of foreign bills of exchange—largely German in origin—to an amount which in its totality has not yet been disclosed, though forming a proper subject for Parliamentary inquiry, but which, as intimated by Mr. Asquith to the House of Commons in the month of December, 1915, had up to that date enabled them to subtract from the proceeds of the £600,000,000 war loan no less a sum than £141,000,000, much of which, however, has doubtless been since repaid. The full bearing of this transaction will be understood when it is made clear that by it the banks were to be permitted to retain their trading profit upon these bills, whether German or not, without any risk of loss, and that

the taxpayer was to be compelled to assume the whole of the loss without any chance of profit. These expedients for strengthening the banks, together with their release from the obligations to pay excess profits duty, were merely incidental and relatively unimportant when taken into account with the methods which came into operation in connection with the great war loan issues.

To appreciate these methods to their full extent it is necessary to point out that they could not have been even seriously considered, apart from being actually carried into effect, but for the amazing development in recent years of the Bankers' Clearing House system—a development whose effect upon the economic life of the nation is inadequately realised, and has not received the attention from writers upon economic subjects which it deserves. Briefly it may be stated that to such a degree has bookkeeping now taken the place of cash payments that from 98 to 99 per cent. of the whole of the banking transactions of the day take place without the employment of any money whatsoever. In the London Clearing House, for the year 1917, cheques were cleared—that is to say, exchanges were effected—to the amount of £19,121,196,000 without the employment of money. By the substitution of cheques for metal-money and the use of certain methods of bookkeeping, the happy device, developed over a long period of years, gave power to the banks to charge interest at the normal rate, upon the assumption that money was actually employed in respect of the large percentage of this huge total which must have represented overdrafts from the banks to their customers, although the whole of such advances necessitated only bookkeeping instead of the provision of the money which it became unnecessary to provide. "Gold is now rarely employed in banking," said Sir Felix Schuster before the war, "except as till-money." Bookkeeping is practically all that is necessary to-day in order to effectuate the internal exchanges. To be able to exercise the power to charge interest at the full rate upon the 98 per cent. or so of the loan transactions in which money is not employed, it is essential that the banks should control the small percentage of actual money which makes up the 100 per cent. which constitutes the assumed basis for the charge. But as no money can be obtained except from a

bank, it is obvious that they do, in fact, possess the amount of this small percentage, and their paramount position therefore enables them to control the exchanges by fixing the terms for the supply of money and credit which are essential to effectuate the exchanges. Thus, when the banks, as they are now known to have done to an enormous extent, chose to help the German manufacturer who competed with their own consumers in the markets of the world, by discounting his bill through the London branch of a German bank, the poor British manufacturer is seen to have occupied an unfortunate position, and one which he was powerless to amend.

It was this necessary but minute percentage of money of which, when the war broke out, the banks found themselves denuded, and it was this percentage and more which Mr. Lloyd George, whilst acting in a fiduciary position as trustee for the nation, so obligingly placed at their disposal by handing over to them the monopoly value of the first State-created paper money in the history of the country. In consequence of this, two months after the war broke out the banks found themselves so fully rehabilitated that Mr. Lloyd George felt impelled to invoke their aid in procuring for the Treasury a cheque-drawing power up to the amount of £350,000,000—an amount which, of course, the country has never possessed in money. Something, therefore, had to happen—bookkeeping, of course. And bookkeeping it was. The Bank of England purported to lend money to City men which it had not got, to enable them to apply for $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. war loan stock without putting up either margin, money, or securities. No money passed in these cases, only debit entries against the customer, balanced on the opposite page by war loan stock. By and by the loan went to a discount on the market. Still the Bank kept advancing the full amount of the par value, not now to new applicants, but to new purchasers on the market, thus enabling the speculator to buy at a discount and pocket the difference. When later on a certain noble duke had to pass his public examination in the Court of Bankruptcy, he confessed that he had for some time been earning a livelihood in this way—at the expense of the British taxpayer. A Stock Exchange clerk informed the writer that this had constituted his means of subsistence for over a

year, for business on 'Change had been so bad that "but for the splendid action of Mr. Lloyd George in effecting this arrangement with the Bank" he did not know what he would have done. How much of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. war loan was genuinely subscribed by the investing public, and how much of it was covered up by methods such as these, no Member of Parliament is ever likely to ascertain from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It will be seen that when money is required nowadays by the Treasury, it is bookkeeping which takes the place of the old magician's wand. Even though the Treasury may not be in control of the books through which the transactions pass, by enlisting, for a consideration, the services of the bookkeepers, a title to draw cheques can be secured up to the amount of the difference between the sum genuinely subscribed and £350,000,000, and when the cheques are presented for payment only bookkeeping again takes place. The lesson thus learned had fortuitous results. It became clear that no anxiety need be felt as to the result of an issue of a still larger loan—say of £600,000,000. The public might "come in" or not. There must be a prodigious advertising campaign for which the person conducting it should be made a knight. Every effort must be made through the Press to emphasise the importance of a ready response to the appeal. All devices, ordinary and extraordinary, and every art of persuasion must be employed to induce the thrifty investor to invest his money at a higher price than he was getting for it before, but if these means failed there was always the bookkeeping scheme to fall back upon. Those in the secret knew that this could never fail, and thus, indeed, it proved.

For when the great war loan was issued the inducement of a higher rate of interest proved unavailing to procure the requisite amount from the genuine investor. Possibly the cry was not loud enough, or peradventure, like Baal, he was on a journey. So along came the bookkeepers, and the announcement came in due course that the London banks had decided to subscribe for £200,000,000 of the loan. It has been stated that the provincial banks "came in" also for an unspecified but large amount. Now the difference between the money subscribed by the general public and that subscribed by the banks was this: That

which was subscribed by the public was not money newly created, but money which in the alternative would have been otherwise employed; in other words, the effect produced was that of a simple transfer of cheque-drawing power from the subscriber to the Treasury. On the other hand, the money subscribed by the banks was largely new money created *ad hoc*, backed neither by currency nor securities other than the credit of the taxpayer; for if money was not employed, the credit provided must have had some sort of backing, and the backing in such a case must have been the certainty that at some time or other the taxpayer would liquidate the obligation. The banks were debited with £200,000,000 in the books of the Bank of England and credited with war loan stock to a like amount. By this novel expedient an entirely new cheque-drawing power was thus brought into existence, and as the cheques so drawn constituted potential currency, a process of inflation took place which sent up the prices of commodities correspondingly. No essential element entered into the transaction except bookkeeping, plus the credit of the taxpayer, but in the result the taxpayer will learn that he has conferred upon somebody or other a title to receive interest for an uncertain period upon £200,000,000 for the use by the bookkeepers of his own credit, and because the purely bookkeeping methods employed happened to be under their control instead of his own.

Then came the Victory Loan, and still more bookkeeping—how much no one will ever know. The bank rate was kept high, but not for the accustomed purpose, as in former days, of drawing gold from abroad. A high bank rate meant a high price for money. Insurance and other financial corporations, and even the general public, were able to procure advances from the banks, which involved simply the usual debit and credit entries between them and the banks, and like entries between the banks and the Bank of England. These advances were usually at the rate of one-half of 1 per cent. less than the yield afforded by the loan, and as facilities for repayment were made easy, no risk had to be incurred and no money had to be provided, the slight profit thus shown gave an adequate inducement to subscribe.

It is right to say that although there can be no great

war which does not produce some measure of inflation in the currency, yet it seems reasonable to conclude that the plan here instanced produced less inflation than did the one before it, though in the absence of authoritative statements as to how far the bookkeeping advances were made repayable in a specified time, thereby taking the ultimate form of genuine subscriptions of money which in the alternative would have been otherwise invested, and how far they partook of transactions between the banks and the Bank of England in which money was created *ad hoc*, it is impossible to speak definitely. Clearly this distinction is important when endeavouring to estimate the degree of inflation and the consequent rise in prices.

Enough has been said to indicate, though faintly, the character of the change which has manifested itself in the methods of financing a great war. This constitutes an economic development on so huge a scale as to be as yet hardly realisable. In the light of the facts disclosed, many of the shibboleths of the older economists begin to disappear. How shocked some of these economists would be to discover that a currency note issue of £212,782,295, though backed by gold to the extent of only £28,500,000, issued not by a private corporation, but being legal tender in payment of debt, and backed by all the authority, all the assets, and all the taxing power of the State, is yet just as good money as if no gold backing for it existed at all, for it performs for every internal purpose all the functions of money. So, too, the relations existing between the banks and the State are shown to have taken a new form. Adam Smith would open his eyes in amazement if he were able to realise what the mere control of a set of books in a bank can be made to yield to the bookkeepers to-day. Some new and very interesting considerations begin to emerge, and one is inclined to wonder whether, after all, anything more than bookkeeping is really necessary for the purposes of the internal war expenditure, provided that it be of a kind which confers upon the Treasury the requisite cheque-drawing power. Suppose for a moment we give particular examination to this point. How far, that is to say, is it possible upon future transactions for the taxpayer to escape a heavy toll for interest by exercising control over this marvellous form of book-keeping necromancy?

This inquiry takes a purely constructive course when it is borne in mind that the Treasury is faced at the present moment by the serious problem of having to finance the war for some considerable period ahead, with the probability that bookkeeping methods will have to be resorted to more and more. And if, as has now been proved, the cheque-drawing power which for the purposes of internal war finance is all that the Treasury requires is shown to have been provided in the case of a huge loan, to the extent approximately of one-half of the amount of the loan, without any money having been borrowed at all from the genuine investor, where in fact does the dividing line come between the cheque-drawing power conferred by book-keeping alone and that conferred by the actual loan of money? And if bookkeeping alone is sufficient to confer the requisite cheque-drawing power in respect of 50 per cent., is it not adequate for 100 per cent. of the transactions?

These questions open a very wide vista indeed. Let us assume that to-morrow morning the Treasury commandeers for this purpose the services of the Bank of England, and opens in its own behalf a credit in the books of the Bank for, say, £5,000,000,000. It is clear that for all internal war expenditure the result will be to save the taxpayer from the burden of having to pay interest on the debt of £5,000,000,000 so created, assuming that sum to be expended in due course. Every cheque drawn by the Treasury for internal war expenditure will take the identical course hitherto taken by a similar cheque. It may be sent to a munition firm in Glasgow, paid by that firm into its Glasgow bank, remitted by that bank to its London agent, and presented by the London agent to the Bank of England. Hitherto and henceforward no money passes. Nothing happens but bookkeeping. The Bank of England debits the Treasury with the amount of the cheque, and credits in account the paying banker likewise. In 98 per cent. of these transactions the bookkeepers do all that is necessary, without the employment of any actual money except in the minute percentage of cases remaining, in which the money employed is that which the Treasury itself prints and provides. The entire transaction thus comes under the control of the Treasury, and is one which can be operated without the pretence of having to borrow money

—now an exploded pretence. In the new circumstances, whilst a bookkeeping debt against the taxpayer will be created in the books of the Bank to the amount of the capital sum expended, there will be no one claiming interest on the amount. As honest bookkeepers it will be the duty of the Treasury to see to the discharge of the debt in due course. And should anyone propose for this purpose what is called the conscription of wealth, the persons whose wealth is so conscripted will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the proceeds so derived will simply go to pay for the cost of the war instead of being frittered away unnecessarily in paying interest to those who, whilst their sons were dying in France, were obtaining for their investment a higher return than it was yielding before.

Of course, the Treasury, which does nothing against the "considered opinion of the banks," will adopt no such plan, but if it did the taxpayer would be relieved from the obligation to pay £250,000,000 a year in interest. And with prospective taxation amounting, according to Lord Leverhulme, to nine shillings per week per head of the population, or about £2 5*s*. per week per family, this is a factor which looms large on the financial horizon, particularly when it is remembered that the soldiers returned from the war, who will already have done their part, will be expected to work for the rest of their lives to help in paying the heavy toll for interest.

The aftermath of the war will bring a burden of misery to the masses of the people which in its totality cannot be altogether avoided. But if it be found that the knowledge gained from practical experience in the world of high finance can be so used as to lessen the weight of that burden, then it becomes an imperative duty to put aside all preconceived theories when such theories are found to be in conflict with the momentous gain, which in the case under consideration is the accompaniment to a practical solution of one of the gravest problems which confronts the nation to-day.

1918

By Austin Harrison

The year 1918 opens with every prospect of the most terrible and critical battles of the world-war. Despite the evidence that Europe has reached the stage described by Clausewitz as the process of making peace, despite the cessation of hostilities on the entire Eastern front and the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, the Western side still remains a fighting negation focussed on the fate of Alsace-Lorraine, which is the blood-issue of the struggle. No reply was given to the Bolshevik invitation to meet and discuss a general peace; and though some people imagine that the Prime Minister's latest utterance signified a marked descent from what the Americans in their war called the "Anaconda" platform, in reality Mr. George's conditions only differed in manner from those, as the *Daily Telegraph* insisted, hitherto postulated of absolute victory. [Any annexationist condition obviously implies unchallenged victory.]

It is well that we should all realise this, for we are admittedly entering upon the great crisis of the war, when illusion is nothing short of insanity. Militarily, the situation is clearer defined than at any previous time. Russia has ceased to be a military Ally, thus eliminating the great Eastern line from offensive operations, which includes Roumania and for all decisive purposes its southern apex in the Balkans, thereby narrowing the battle-front to the limited geographical area of the West, which extends now from just north of Venice to the Flanders coast. For the first time the Germans are free to concentrate solely upon the West. For the first time the enemy will be able to throw against us the full force of his armies, supported by the full munitions productivity of the country and the concentrated weight of his leadership. And as the law of all German strategy is to anticipate, we may be sure that the German General Staff will not passively await developments, but will seek to deal us a strategic and life-draining blow before the American armies can appear in force upon the field. In these circumstances the question of man-

power is obviously of paramount importance, and without any doubt, if the Government fail to raise at least a million men in the next few weeks, the responsibility they will incur may never be forgotten or forgiven.

The Russian situation to-day may be summed up in the word—peace. Russia is weary of the war; she cannot go on. To the astonishment of "our uneducated rulers," as Sir H. Johnston recently described the Government, the Bolsheviks have turned out to be neither Germans nor Bolos. Our now consistently ill-informed Press had invented German nicknames for the Bolshevik leaders, but to-day the newspapers are inclined to slobber over them. They do not seem to understand any more than Lord Milner understood (how could he, not knowing a word of Russian?) or Mrs. Pankhurst, who journeyed to Petrograd to "sort of cheer them up"; any more than the Allies together when they sent an identical Note to Kerensky attempting to bully him into obedience (October 9th, 1917). And so, when Kerensky fell, we were left groping in the dark, with apparently nothing to say but to call Trotzky a Hebrew, and so further alienate the young spirit of Russia and the very capable men who have fathered the new revolutionary ideaism.

Trotzky, of course, is a Jew, like Kerensky; indeed, the Russian Revolution has been led by Jews, as is not unnatural in a country where the Jews have been subjected to mediæval persecution, which took the form of periodic pogroms and fanatical charges of ritual murder calculated to inflame the passions of the illiterate multitude, and no doubt it is this Jewish element which has given to the Bolsheviks that fierce logic and intellectual sincerity which are now the despair of European politicians versed only in the trade of insincerity and opportunism. The Bolsheviks * are true International Socialists, orthodox Marxians, and their whole programme is anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist, anti-*bourgeois*, and that not only in Russia but in all Europe. In this they are challenging the world. History can record no movement so swift, so daring, so logical; overnight they

* It is amusing to note how dictatorial the Bolsheviks can be, and they will probably become more so as their difficulties increase, leading more and more to the French methods of 1879.

have socialised the State and internationalised revolution; and if we are not careful we, too, will drift into Bolshevism, which in our case would probably be anything but logical.

The thing is not to curse, but to understand. No man can say what will happen next in Russia, whether the Bolsheviks will fall or fuse, how they will develop or endeavour to develop along lines which hitherto civilisation has regarded as fatal to all law and progress, and the Russians themselves can give no indication. They claim to have given Europe the true democratic chance. They hope to infect other peoples with their ideas so that the capitalistic integument may be burst, and in the place of *bourgeois* Governments Socialism may be installed as the European reason of State. Already we hear the reverberation. The Bolsheviks have undoubtedly scored a moral victory at Brest-Litovsk through the sheer sincerity both of their aims and of their exposition. For the first time the old secrecy and selfishness of diplomacy have been exposed and flouted before the world, and in the process the significance of Trotzky has become a world-symbol. Yet still we do not seem to know what to do. We have no people's representative in Russia. The Russian Alliance has gone, and with it the war has assumed a totally new character, the issue of which we have now to decide to reach on extremist physical lines or through reason and international sanity.

The position, then, is tolerably clear. It is to rely upon American aid and prepare to fight to the bitter end regardless of all consequences, braced only with the idea of victory—this is clearly the Prime Minister's view—or to search for an equation which will lead to a contented Europe and that New World hinted at from America. Now it behoves us at this juncture to be quite clear not only as to the objective—if physical force is to be the goal—but also as to the means whereby to achieve it. Here, again, there is clarity. In the year 1918 we cannot hope to win to victory, not only for the reasons arising out of Russia's defection, but because America cannot possibly be more than a useful accessory in this year's fighting, and we ourselves have neglected to raise the new armies necessary to attempt a forcible decision. If, therefore, we decide

to fight on to the death, then it is mere delusion to contemplate any physical-force peace this year, as *The Times* military correspondent, who has since resigned, himself reminds us in a recent article explaining that the defensive will probably be our lot this summer. No other view is permissible. The continuation of war now for physical victory automatically presupposes its prolongation into 1919, and any Government which pretends that this is not the case is committing treason to the cause and to all who may be called to die for it.

Now if Alsace-Lorraine is our irreducible minimum, then the physical view must hold. The enemy will never give up the provinces originally wrested from the Germans centuries ago, and we are merely deceiving ourselves if we reason otherwise. The whole war really turns on this point. Only annihilating defeats will compel Germany to relinquish what, rightly or wrongly, she regards as historically hers; it is therefore here that statesmanship, if we possess any, must finally decide. As I have pointed out before, this is to-day a British question; it has ceased to be a specifically French desire. And that for military reasons. The Franco-Russian Alliance has come to an end, thereby entirely changing the political power of France. France, therefore, could not hold the restored provinces in the event of a German war of recovery, which inevitably would be the case within no distant date of their transference, so that we would be compelled to keep a large army permanently in France, with the inevitable retention of the northern coast of France, as in the days before "Bloody" Mary. This highly important result of the French reoccupation of Alsace-Lorraine has never been alluded to by any Minister. The whole problem, which concerns our life-position and policy after the war, is shirked by those in authority; they "funk" all mention of it. Even in his last statement Mr. George referred to the question in a way that I defy any man to understand, and at this hour it remains controversial.

Yet but for this problem I am confident we could have a reasonable, and by that I mean constructive, peace to-morrow—I write this deliberately. The Germans accepted Trotzky's basis of parley, "no annexations," on the condi-

tion that all belligerents accepted it also; as we know, the Germans withdrew at the expiry of the ten days' grace, no other Powers having tendered an answer. This is to-day the great British question. The war goes on because of Alsace-Lorraine, and will inevitably continue perhaps for years on that issue, and yet the consequential purport of our objective remains undiscussed, undebated in either Parliament or the Press, and no Minister has ever had the moral courage to put before the country the consequences and responsibilities attaching to a war policy which must inevitably force us to abandon our historical Island attitude and link us up with the military system of France as one and the same Continental liability.

I know the cry "war to end war." I know that many good people sincerely believe that we are fighting for the Millennium, and that after the Germans are beaten men will cultivate their gardens in the peace and bliss of Utopia. It might be, but I can see no sign of this transformation. Mr. George recently told us that Turkey would, of course, have to be divided up. Does he really think that, unless beaten to their knees, the Germans would ever consent to such a despoliation of their ally? Then we have Mr. Wilson's eirenicon of fourteen peace conditions so staggering in their embrace as to embarrass the whole English Press, which found nothing to answer. Mr. Wilson's first two conditions were (1) international Free Trade, (2) freedom of the seas. I do not understand. America is the great Protectionist Power in the world. Is she contemplating Free Trade? If so, we have seen no signs of it. As for the freedom of the seas, how is this possible except on the basis of world-disarmament associated inevitably with world-assent, which no man would say we have as yet even remotely arrived at. We know that Japan is arming to the teeth. We see proletarian Russia at war with the world, opposing with quite particular emphasis the capitalistic system of America. We find the war uplifted into the skies, and on the seas spreading ever wider and deeper below the surface. We see hate all round us. Last, but not least, we see the capitalistic State faced with bankruptcy, leading who will venture to say whither, to what subversive economic changes, perhaps to that expropriation of the expropriators predicted by Marx as the knell of feudalism?

In reality this war differs in no way from any previous war; it is a struggle for power. It will be decided by power unless Europe sincerely seeks that "New World" to which politicians in their blithe moods so tantalisingly refer. So far the Russians alone have thrown up a formula which either side can accept, but it has not been responded to; on the contrary, the *status quo* or "no annexations" is definitely rejected by the Entente Powers. When we examine the French claim for the lost provinces we find it to be essentially military and economic. It is confessedly to deprive Germany of iron. True, security is put forward as motive, but it is military security or force, which is the oldest of all arguments, and not only never has led to peace, but, as men and nations are to-day constituted, never will.

Ministers lisp to us that security is the indispensable condition of peace. It is an illusion, for there is no such thing. The old Holy Alliance was based on security, yet a baser pretence never existed. In our case, the phrase is singularly unhappy, for our whole Imperial attachment is founded on no-security. Its success is our proudest achievement in the war. The Boers, given the right of self-government, have fought at our side. Our Colonies, bound to us only by sentiment, have astonished the world. If ever there was a demonstration against security, our Imperial loyalty has given it. Security is the antithesis to democracy. It is a diplomatic *cliché*, a politician's snare. For six hundred years we have sought security in Ireland; to-day the only security we shall ever find in that island is through the free gift of self-government. What security did America possess?—yet at the first call all America has become one! The whole secret of our colonising genius is the assumption, not the imposition, of security, and it is because of the Tsarist police *régime* of security that Russia unbound split at the first reaction from top to toe. Security is simply a polite name for strategic or Imperial geography: thus the security of Mesopotamia or that which led to the Paris economic conference.*

* Was it security which led our rulers to become signatories to the Pan-Italian Secret Treaty of Annexations, recently published in *The Manchester Guardian*?

Again, this New World, what does it mean? Disarmament! This can never be unless all the great nations are satisfied, and Europe becomes a true fellowship of peoples contented because covenanted upon and developing by consent. It is obviously a Utopia, for the law of life is change, and there is no permanency in this mad world. All the same, men cannot cease to strive for this ideal; nor is it by any means unthinkable that Europe may not, as the result of this conflagration, be able to set up some International Court of Arbitration in the interests of the common weal, but to-day this can only be done with the Germans. A Magna Carta of rights would pave the way to new conditions, but without full sincerity working on accepted and equitable principles of human justice all talk of the Millennium is logomachy—if anything, arresting rather than furthering the prospects of peace and reconstruction. Alone with sincerity can we achieve epochal results. Where is it? I cannot discover any reason for the dismembership of Asiatic Turkey other than those associated with an Imperialistic fondness for natural resources. I cannot understand why Serbia—alas! brave Serbia hardly exists—must have a seaboard now when she had no seaboard in 1914. At any rate, these are not the conditions that make for consent—Serbia can only obtain access to the sea at the expense of Albania or Montenegro—and it requires no magic to understand that if consent is not the end to be aimed at, but punishment and security, then the only alternative is power, which will leave things as they were so far as militarism is concerned, and we shall all grab what we can.

We talk of militarism as if it was a new invention; we say we must destroy it by force. But militarism has always existed; it can only be removed by spirituality. A hundred years ago militarism was incarnated in Napoleon. We smashed the man, but in no wise the French spirit and gesture of war. For years we thought the bugbear was Russia—this is what the books call history. The best thing said about militarism came from the late Professor Kettle: "Unless you hate war, as such, you cannot really hate Prussia. If you admit war as an essential part of civilisation, then what you are hating is merely Prussian efficiency." That is true. If our object is to search for some means to end war, then we must begin by being sincere ourselves.

We must give proof of this sincerity. We must not be party to vast secret treaties of spoliation and then pretend they were never made. We cannot, as owners of a fourth part of the globe, claim the vanity of humility if our objective is another nation's humiliation.

Now we have had four fighting campaigns, and this year we are already bidden to understand—notably by those who told us the Germans were utterly defeated last year—that we have got to mark time, as it were, pending the arrival of the Americans in 1919. The Lloyd George Government has had a full year of "knock-out" policy and failed. It has failed for the same reasons that the Asquith administration failed, namely, the absence of responsibility, the want of judgment, inability to anticipate or understand facts, and drift. It is a very grave situation, for clearly we are bound now to go on with the war under a Government which has never yet said a true thing and never done a wise one. Take a few examples. Yesterday Mr. George assured us he no longer feared submarines; to-day he asserts that the submarine danger is our most urgent problem. A year ago he promised a "knock-out"; to-day he tells us we must "go on or go under." The food question has become grave—first, because the Government failed to realise the danger of the U-boat; secondly, because Lord Rhondda * failed to legislate for the producer as well as for the consumer. Mr. George knew all last summer of our terrible losses in France, he took no steps to insist upon the vital responsibility of generalship, and now we learn with national dismay that no changes have been made as the result of the serious defeat we suffered at Cambrai, so that there is no question of military responsibility and no chance of obtaining it. When a man like Mr. Houston asks a serious question in Parliament he is met by the usual chee-chee evasion from one of Mr. George's knights, and but for public indignation even the British Museum would have been incorporated in the Georgian Hotel "city." And now the question is of more men, and Mr. George produces a half-measure scheme which has no strategic value at all.

* This autumn we were told to eat meat: we did, the result being the present scarcity, though every farmer I spoke to last summer predicted the want of meat as the result of food prices not applied to cost of production. The next scarcity will be pigs.

The Man Power Bill provides for half a million men, when what we need are two millions. It is true that a great number of men could and should be obtained from the bases, from the huge army wasting in England, from the army of occupation in Ireland, and from the million occupational exemptions, and it is to be hoped that somehow public opinion will force the Government to comb out from these places; but the object of war is peace, and unless we are willing to wage war indefinitely, the need of placing the whole available man-power of the land on a war footing was never in the history of any country so urgent. That is to say, if we want to win; for to rely upon America as the "knock-out" medium is to defer the issue indefinitely. Surely if we are to fight to a finish the whole country should be mobilised and every effort made to obtain a decision before further landslides take place or new phenomena arise to redress the balance of the dead. I cannot understand a Government which at this juncture, knowing that the Americans * are still a year off, deliberately talks annexationist terms and yet rests contented with half-measures. It means that 1918 is to be a "dud" fighting year, unrelieved even by a Ministerial prophecy.

Britain has never stood before a greater crisis. We must now decide either *to fight on implacably*, or, facing the consequential issue of a restored Alsace-Lorraine, to seek for a general and constructive peace on the Russian formula or on one which has some application to the indispensable condition of a League of Nations, as defined by President Wilson. The real question is: What do we want? For it is *our war* now, and but for our aid France could not continue for a single day. Do we mean France to have Syria, for example? Because, if so, then we need not talk of peace. Have we any fixed principle upon which to negotiate? What is the objective? Victory is not an objective, because victory is the automatic object of all war and of every army. Merely to shout victory is a schoolboy attitude, it is the policy of the dog-fight.

Mr. George responds: "We must go on or go under." If so, then I say to the Prime Minister: "We must have a

* The American position in 1918 resolves itself into the question of men or food.

purge of the General Staff." The feeling in the country about this is definite, and is expressed dramatically by the refusal of a number of the trade unions to visit the Front in what they call "a joy ride." That attitude does honour to these men. They realise their responsibility, which the Press has failed to realise. They know the losses we have suffered in France as the result of wooden tactics; they are tired of our static General Staff with its cavalry appointments; they demand brains, elasticity in the Command, responsibility. And they are right. Field-Marshal Haig has commanded now for two years, and there are no results. In any army but ours he would long ago have been recalled. The trouble has arisen because the Commander-in-Chief *"nobbled" the Press** and so shut down enlightened criticism, and because of the amateurish strategy which found echo in the phrase "killing Germans." We are not killing many Germans. At the Somme we did because they fought on a rigid front, but the new Hindenburg tactics have resulted in economy of German losses and correspondingly high losses on our side—all which was pointed out a year ago as the inevitable result of the mobile front in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Again and again I have tried to hint at the necessity of new tactics and fresh Staff methods; the worst of it is that the Liberal Press has strenuously opposed all change in the Command, and when there was talk of the Single Command some time ago it was conspicuously the Liberal organs which fought against it.

We have had well over 800,000 casualties in France last year. I say we must adopt scientific methods; we must restore confidence in the people if we are to fight to a finish; we must satisfy the men in the unions that the Staff has a *definite strategy*, and that the best obtainable brains are directing operations under the ruthless law of responsibility—that is to say, if a general fails, he goes: as Moltke went after the Marne, as Falkenhayn went after Verdun, as Nivelle went after the failure of the spring

* One of the jokes of Fleet Steet is the *mot* of a pacifist Liberal editor who, after a visit to the Front, declared himself a "Haigite." We find the paradox of the extreme reactionary and the Radical Press conspiring together to prevent Staff changes, though for diametrically opposed reasons, the very fact of such a mis-alliance being glaring evidence of their insincerity or misjudgment. In both cases I suspect the fear of the single Command.

offensive in 1917. This is the supreme need of the hour, and no political eye-wash will now avail. Ever since the Somme the people have been bamboozled by the Press in the belief that "Fritz" was done. Men thought the big artillery was the key; they were not told that the Germans fight now on mobile tactics, thereby evading the bombardment, the method being the counter-attack when, in most difficult conditions, our men have advanced; the matter of sacrificing ground being of no military consequence. And so all last year the mass attacks went blindly on, culminating in what, but for the heroism of the Guards, nearly led at Cambrai to a catastrophe. This must be altered. The Press must free itself from its unintelligent hypnotism to static idols and become independent again. It must insist upon a radical change in the General Staff,* with full opportunities given to the unprofessional soldier, to brains, to scientific strategy, and upon the ruthless breaking away from the stereotyped notion that only the officers who happen to be in command by virtue of seniority can direct the armies. Already the purge has taken place in the Navy; it is far more needed in the Army. To attempt to go on as we have done with the old Generals in command, whose collective record in 1917 has been failure, will be madness; it has only been possible because of the infamous secrecy imposed upon the Press by the propaganda rule of Mr. George and the insidious Press policy of Field-Marshal Haig. If a few courageous men now cannot force the Government to this purge, then we shall find ourselves in the autumn of 1918 minus another million men, still talking of the Millennium and of the New World, still hesitating to make up our minds wholly and finally as to how we are to obtain it, whether through sincerity or military superiority. And when that day comes round in another nine months it will be the turn of America, unless an Anglicised Bolshevism has anticipated the necessity, to make up our minds for us.

* The above was in press before Mr. Lovat Fraser's attack on the General Staff. I congratulate him, but it is *The Daily Mail* which upheld this hero-worship of Field-Marshal Haig all last year, thereby choking all intelligent criticism, and that paper must be chiefly held responsible for the flatulence of a sequacious Fleet Street and that amateurish idolism it now repudiates. All through 1917, the Northcliffe organs were idolaters. They established the Lloyd George myth, and so to-day we are paying the penalty of a sensational Press dictatorship which is only periodically independent, and so itself—too late.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE ENGLISH SONNET. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

A standard work on the Sonnet was much needed; it has been supplied by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, who is himself no mean sonneteer. It is rare nowadays to pick up a volume of criticism and rejoice; rarer still that a critic, if he be honest, wants wholeheartedly to praise another critic, yet here unquestionably is a book which is essentially literature and creation. Great bully stuff it is, modern and racially English in its form and analysis, at once polished and rugged as becomes a man who dares to try a fall with the Elizabethans, and the author has a big tool-box. He plays with the late Watts-Dunton and gets good fun out of it; he rips open the sham, unstays the imperfect, sonnet; he tackles all fretters of the great English instrument and worries them all, yet with a fine sanity. Indeed, the judgments are invariably careful and, in our opinion, correct. Instinct seems to direct the criticism, which is delightful in its freshness and pungency, all the more piquant because behind it all one feels the Crosland of the "unspeakable" series who has a pike-head ready for the universe. Mr. Crosland's point is the legislation of the sonnet. Here he is adamant. Decasyllabic, fourteen lines composed of an octet and a sextet—broken (the break is the law): such is the legislation. He goes meticulously into structure, manner, form, and points of rhyme and those nugæ which distinguish poetry from the imitation, and his canons and verdicts are no doubt historically and poetically sound. As critic he is fierce and pitiless, but when he praises he is generous, and what he praises is full-worthy. In most hands this would have been a pedantic book, laboured or over-doct, but in Mr. Crosland's the sonnet becomes a magic lamp lighting one into old poetic England, and a merry place it is. Perhaps on Shakespeare the author limps; he will have no theories, no slim boys for the sonnet story, no dark woman, no soul *motif* at all, yet he may be right; who knows? A second tome is promised. To students this

book will be a joy, to all young poets of the day invaluable. Mr. Justice Darling should be a proud man to find "a mention" in this robust classic of sonnet literature.

FICTION

THE PUPPET. By JANE HARDING. T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.

This book, the twenty-fifth volume of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel" series, entirely justifies the aim of the publisher to include only exceptional talent. *The Puppet* is a remarkably close and delicate study of a young girl's emotions under the stresses of circumstance. The story is told in the first person with great power of analysis and a penetrating delicacy of suggestion. It has much of the serious charm of great women writers of the past, both in the focus of the main interest and the sensitive suggestion of atmosphere, and there is a tinge of impending tragedy which heightens this effect. *The Puppet* is a distinctly interesting experiment in the classic manner, and one is bound to say that it is extremely successful in its depth of expression.

BEAT. By MRS. STANLEY WRENCH. Duckworth. 6*s*.

In *Beat* we have a clever study of a stalwart little soul struggling against enormous odds to emancipate herself by education and to support and bring up her young sisters. Mrs. Stanley Wrench has given us an intimate and very realistic picture of lower middle-class life in a country village, and the story is full of incident, a drama of domestic life, pleasantly and smoothly told, in which the many well-rounded characters are admirably portrayed.

HISTORY

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Chatto and Windus. 5*s*. net.

In this brilliant sketch Mr. Chesterton's genius reaches perhaps the top note. History, as generally written, is a wooden art, and Mr. Chesterton bravely does away with dates and kings, and even the murders of kings. It is quite probable that he has set an example which others will follow or seek to follow, for there can be no question but

that this new form of historical essay fills a great want both for the schools and the general public. Historically, the author clearly takes the Catholic view, thus he is no hero-worshipper of Cromwell, whom he rather scantily dismisses as "not without public spirit" and a man "not troubled with visions"; and again one detects his aversion to the Puritans, but when he maintains that James II. was the founder of the British Navy he is clearly wrong, for it was Cromwell who laid that foundation. The style is Chestertonian. Rather too clever for history, too laboriously epigrammatic. Here, an example about the Jews. "It is very tenable that in this way they were useful; it is certain that in this way they were used. It is also quite fair to say that in this way they were ill-used." And so Mr. Chesterton scintillates, sometimes most happily, but sometimes, too, rather foolishly. On specifically English things the author has no rival. His *aperçus* now and then strike fresh ground, thus about Richard III., and he rightly sums up the Futurists of Italy as anti-historic. But this is not a work to criticise because it is essentially criticism in the highest sense in that it is original, penetrating, personal and stimulatingly free from all cant and prejudice. How good is his judgment of the Party system—that it does not consist of "two parties, but of one. If there were two real parties, there could be no system." This is a very virile, entrancing work, which does Mr. Chesterton honour and cannot but do good to all men.

POETRY

MOMENTS OF VISION, AND MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. By THOMAS HARDY. Macmillan. 6*s*. net.

Undoubtedly the two most important publications of the poetic year have been Sir Sidney Colvin's *Keats* and the present volume. Any appearance of a new book with the name of Hardy upon its cover cannot but be an event to quicken the reviewer's pulse; but this inevitable thrill makes the standpoint of critical detachment hard to compass. How would these poems, many of them what are called "fugitive pieces," be regarded were not their author beyond question the greatest living master of Eng-

lish letters? The collection includes verse of many dates, as widely separate as the 'sixties and the year that is just past. Nowhere, however, are there signs of the prose-writer moving constrainedly in an unfamiliar medium; on the contrary, one is conscious throughout of Mr. Hardy deliberately testing various methods, fashioning them to his thought, with the enjoyment of secure craftsmanship. If at times it is this sense of obstacles overcome that impresses us most, at others there shines out some such exquisite thing as "The Day of First Sight," in which is visible no craft at all, but only the perfect harmony of language and emotion: which touches the rarest, most unmatchable beauty of unforced simplicity. At the end of the book the author has gathered his later "Poems of War and Patriotism." One of these, "In Time of the Breaking of Nations," is finely characteristic in its contrast between the enduring life of the soul and the human trouble that leaves it unchanged.

VARIOUS VERSE

The Loving History of Peridore and Paravail. By Maurice Hewlett. London: Collins. 5*s.* net.

Tides. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Day, and Other Poems. By Henry Chappell. John Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Readers and lovers of Mr. Hewlett's *New Canterbury Tales* will recognise in the present poem an old friend. The author, however, is careful to assure us that verse was its first intended form, and (however preferring the prose version) we must take him at his word. He has now retold his pleasant fable in lyrics of deliberate and slightly mannered simplicity, which aim—sometimes a little too consciously—at the mediæval note. The story itself, of the temptation of the monk Vigilas by the maid Paravail, and her luring by Peridore, is exactly one with which Mr. Hewlett is in artistic sympathy. And if there, in fact, existed no such antique belief as this of the soul entering the body in the mother's milk, it was high time that the omission should thus be rectified.

To mark the progress of Mr. John Drinkwater is just now among life's minor compensations for the poetry lover. The latest of his slender volumes, *Tides*, contains some of the best verse he has yet published, notably perhaps the long poem called "Reverie." He is still, to our taste, a thought over fond of elaboration of, in his own phrase—

> ". . . the due
> Bridals of disembodied sense
> With the new word's magnificence."

(A union over which posterity is too likely to pronounce divorce.) Elsewhere we find the Cotswold country exercising upon Mr. Drinkwater the charm that has moved so many singers. But one word of protest: nowhere and by no strain of poetic license can "bedchambers" be regarded as an admissible rhyme for "millionaires." This is an untidiness of which a far less fastidious writer than the poet of "Elizabeth Ann" might well be ashamed.

Bath, one gathers, has of late been pleasantly concerned about modern verse. The newspapers speak of a Poetry Society forming, of speeches by the elect, dedicatory odes, and the like; all with a formality agreeably in tune with the place. Probably some part of this bustle is due to the discovery of Mr. Henry Chappell. Because Mr. Chappell earns the means of livelihood as a servant of the G.W.R. it has become the custom to speak of him as the "Railwayman Poet"—rather as though one said "Lo! a portent!" This seems to us folly. There is no immediately apparent reason why a composer of word-music should not follow any one of the ten thousand employments by which men pay their daily expenses, except perhaps that of stock-brokering. Apart, however, from this slightly patronising and wholly unneeded reclame, the present volume shows Mr. Chappell as a writer of undeniable gift. His war song, "The Day," is an effective "poem of occasion," whose dramatic and denunciatory vigour will make, it is to be feared, an irresistible appeal to the amateur elocutionist.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

"Pelmanism" as an Intellectual and Social Factor

IT is occasionally urged that in the announcements of the Pelman Institute the business element is predominant, and that other aspects of Mind Training receive less consideration than they are entitled to.

The reason for this is fairly obvious. Business or professional progress is, in this workaday world, a subject which the average man or woman has very much at heart. Consequently, the financial value of Pelmanism is the point of primary attraction for, probably, 60 per cent. of those who enrol; but this circumstance does not in any degree dispossess Pelmanism of its supreme importance as an educational and intellectual factor. Instead of a few pages of an explanatory nature, a fairly lengthy volume would be required to do justice to this theme—the *higher* values of Pelmanism.

Far-seeing readers will be quick to appreciate this, and will recognise that a system which has proved of such signal value to the business and the professional brain-worker must perforce be of at least equal value to those whose occupation is mainly intellectual or social. If assurance were needed upon this point, it is abundantly supplied by the large number of complimentary letters received from those who have enrolled for the Course from other than pecuniary motives: the amateur and leisured classes being well represented on the Registers of the Institute.

In many cases, those whose motive originally was material advancement of some kind have been quick to discover the deeper meaning and higher value of Pelmanism —a value far above money. It would be proper to say that there are many thousands of both sexes to whom the Pelman System has been the means of intensifying their

interest and pleasure in existence as probably no other agency could have done.

The charms of literature, and in particular the beauties of poetry and descriptive writing, are appreciated by those who adopt Pelmanism as they never appreciated them before. Every phase of existence is sensibly expanded. Life receives a new and deeper meaning with the unfolding of the latent powers of the mind.

"I must have gone about the world with closed eyes before," was the remark of a well-travelled man after he had completed only half the Course. His ejaculation is significant. He is typical of many who, unwittingly, are living with "closed eyes." Indeed, if the Pelman System stopped short at its third book instead of continuing to a twelfth, it would still be a remarkable and valuable system.

In developing latent (and often unsuspected) powers of the mind, Pelmanism has not infrequently been the means of changing the whole current of a life. Many letters might be quoted in evidence of this: but one will probably suffice. It was received from a British Officer in France: we give it in its entirety:—

> "I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.
>
> "When I began, I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my Battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldier-like sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.
>
> "I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.
>
> "That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully, I attribute entirely to the Pelman System.
>
> "————, Captain."

Such a letter calls for no comment: but an extract from another letter (also from a Captain) may appropriately be added:—

> "One great point in favour of your system which, if I may say so, you do not make enough of in your advertisements is the cumulative benefit accruing.
>
> "As far as I can see, once having got on the right track and rigidly following the System, there should be no limit to the ultimate mental capacity attained."

Again, there are numbers who avow their indebtedness to the Pelman Course in another direction—it has led them to examine themselves anew, to recognise their points of weakness or strength, and to introduce aim and purpose into their lives. Indeed, it is surprising how many men and women, including some of high intellectual capacity and achievement, are "drifting" through life with no definite object. This reveals a defect in our educational system, and goes far to justify the enthusiasm of those—and they are many—who urge that the Pelman System should be an integral part of our national education. Self-recognition must precede self-realisation, and no greater tribute to Pelmanism could be desired than the frequency of the remark, "I *know* myself now: I have never really done so before."

Self-expression brings us to another facet of Pelmanism, and a very interesting one. Even a University education may fail to equip a man or woman to maintain himself or herself creditably in the social sense. How often the clever scholar is a social failure—a nonentity even in the circle of his intimates! His academic "honours" have done nothing to endow him with personal charm or conversational power. His consciousness of a rich store of knowledge does not compensate him for the discovery that he is deficient in the important art of self-expression.

Tact, discerning judgment, adaptability, conversational ability, are not "gifts": they are qualities which can be developed by training. This is emphatically proven by the large number of letters received from Pelman students who have received almost unhoped-for assistance in this direction.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech, or action: on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced. Greater diversity of "character" would be apparent amongst fifty Pelmanists than amongst any fifty people who had not studied the Course.

The system is, in fact, not a mental strait-jacket but an instrument: instead of attempting to impose universal ideals upon its students, it shows them how to give practical effect to their own ideals and aims. It completes man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense.

There are many who adopt it as a means of regaining lost mental activities. Elderly men and women whose lives have been so fully occupied with business, social, or household matters that the intellectual side has been partly or wholly submerged: successful men in the commercial world whose enterprises have heretofore left them too little leisure to devote to self-culture: Army officers who find that the routine of a military life invites intellectual stagnation—these find that the Pelman Course offers them a stairway up to the higher things of life.

Here are two letters which emphasise this. The first is from an Army student, who says:—

> "The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

The other letters is from a lady of independent means who felt that, at the age of fifty, her mind was becoming less active:—

> "Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty.
>
> "I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age."

It would easily be possible to quote several hundred letters exhibiting different phases of the intellectual value of Pelmanism to men and women of all ages (up to 70) and all stations.

Hardly a day passes at the Institute without at least one such letter being received.

"Pelmanism" is, in fact, an intellectual force of the first order, and no brain-using class can afford to ignore its

potentialities. Psychology is by no means a new science, but in "Pelmanism" it may be said to have reached the practical stage and to have become as definite a means of exercising and strengthening the faculties of the mind as physical drill is of developing the muscles of the body.

A synopsis of the 12 lessons of the Pelman Course will serve to convey some idea of the scope covered, and each of the lessons, it should be noted, is accompanied by appropriate mental exercises of so attractive a nature that many Pelmanists describe them as "fascinating." From these the benefit derived is so distinct that quite a considerable proportion of Pelman students report material progress even after the *first* lesson.

The Course is given entirely by Correspondence.

Lesson I.—Introductory.

What the Course Covers—Causes of Mental Inefficiency—Defective School Methods—14 to 25; Critical Years—Age in Relation to Mental Efficiency—Too little Brain Work—The Fulfilment of Desire—Confidence and Work—The Value of Mental Efficiency—The Relation of Mind and Body—Is the Mind a Function of the Brain?—Memory and Efficiency—Impression—Retention—Recollection—Health and Mind—Sleeplessness—Overstrain—Rest—"Dont's"—Perception Exercises.

Lesson II.—Human Energy.

The Mental Power House—Human Energy—What is your Work?—Interest-power—Environment—Defective Energy—Originating Energy—Aim v. Wish—Energy develops Ability—And formulates Character—Lack of Energy—Its Causes—Energy and Knowledge—What Psychologists say—Thoughts on Force—Method of Self-Analysis—And Self-Drill—"Dont's"—Memory Training—The Long Memory—Conscious and Sub-Conscious Memory—Perception Exercises.

Lesson III. Knowledge and the Senses.

The Senses and Mental Efficiency—Sensation and Perception—Sub-Conscious Action—Animal and Human

Senses—Relative Value of the Senses—Priority of Sight and Hearing—Value in Culture and Art—"Form" Memory—On Observation—Sense Values—Training left to Chance—The Buyer's "Eye"—Correct Inferences—Accuracy and Speed—How to Remember Names and Faces—Sound and Spelling—"Dont's"—Perception Exercises—Analysis in Business—A Doctor's Special Methods—Recalling Lost Ideas—Three Mental Laws—Intuition and Memory.

Lesson IV.—The Pelman Laws on Mental Connection.

*The Stream of Thought—The Mind-Wanderer—Connected Thinking—Connected and Unconnected Ideas—The Natural Chain of Thought—The Analysis of Classifications—*Pelman *Laws of Inherent Connection; of Opposition of External Connection and of Similarity of Sound—Classification Applied—Repetition and Translation of a word "Series"—Mind-Wandering—Failure to Inhibit—Recollection of Isolated Facts—"Mnemonics"—Legitimate Artifice—"Dont's."*

Lesson V.—Will-power and Habit.

Will and Obstinacy—The Motive Force—The Weak-willed Man—Volcanic Will—Will as Dependent on Thought and Feeling—The Formation of Habits—Right Thought and Right Feeling mean Right Action—Resistance and Aggression—How the Expert works easily—"Can't" and "Can"—The Education of the Will—A Daily Record—Autosuggestion—Other Kinds of Suggestion—Use in Education and Business—Rules for Suggestion—"Dont's."

Lesson VI.—Concentration.

Attention—Spontaneous and Voluntary—Interest means Success—Interesting the Child Mind—Training Attention—Classification and Definition—What is a Shaddock?—Agreements and Differences—The "How" of Classification—History—Botany—Definition—Secure all the Differences—James on Voluntary Attention—Diagram of Mind-Wandering—The "Mere Glance"—

External and Internal Conditions of Concentration—Business Values—"Dont's"—Concentration Exercises.

LESSON VII.—HOW TO ORIGINATE IDEAS.

Thinking, Feeling, Willing—How they are in turn predominant—Mental Powers: their Order of Development—Originality—Three Specimens—Analysis—Sympathy—On being Mentally Sensitive—Imagination—Seeing with the Mind's Eye—Method of Training—Importance of Analogies—Value of a Working Theory—A Tea Illustration—Think for Yourself—Unsuspected Abilities—"Dont's"—Exercises.

LESSON VIII.—HOW TO DEAL WITH FACTS AND FIGURES.

The Brain does not Originate—Brain Fag—Catenation—Two Important Rules—Examples of Catenation—Recalling Names—A Shopping List—Foreign Words—The Personal Element—How Catenation Supersedes Itself—Use in Learning Languages—Figures—Remembering Dates—The Figure Alphabet—Sounds, not Letters—Homologues and their Uses—Playing Card Memory—The Knight's Tour on the Chess Board—English Kings—Figure Sentences—Wireless Telegraphy Phrases—Telephone Numbers—"Dont's"—Imagination Exercises.

LESSON IX.—THE HYGIENE OF STUDY.

Circulation and Oxygenation—Semi-Conscious States—A Healthy Brain—Physical Exercises—Relieving Muscular Fatigue—Constipation—The Dangers of Alcohol—Sleep—Dreams—Their Causes—Their Influence—Value of Day Dreams—Distraction—Physical Conditions of Study—Bodily Position—Effects on Memory—Headache—Eyesight—Inspiration: how induced—The Mastery of Books—A Book Reviewer's Questions—Reading and Memory Power—On Marking Books—The Student's Method—Music Memory: Visual, Analytical, Emotional, and Auditory—"Dont's."

LESSON X.—SELF-EXPRESSION.

Impression and Expression—Self-Expression develops Ability—Conversation—Three Advantages—Errors to

Avoid—Discover Personal Interests—Writing—"Review" your Books—Pelman Methods Applied, Part I.—The Collative Method—English Constitutional History—Magna Charta—Representative Government in England—Law—Married Woman's Property Act—Libel Acts—Learning Languages—Pronunciation—Vocabularies—Theology—A Comparative Method—Science and Art—"Dont's."

LESSON XI.—THE ART OF REASONING.

Logic and Truth—Income and Responsibility—A Specious Argument—Law of Justice—Analogy and its Dangers—Shelving Difficulties—A Picture Theatre Scheme—A Popular Objection to Logic—Facts and Inferences—How Different Opinions Arise—Arguments Based on Authorities—Pelman Methods Applied, Part II.—Mathematics—Trigonometry—Euclid—Telegraphy—Astronomy—Medicine—Engineering—Atomic Weights—Birmingham Metal Gauge—"Dont's."

LESSON XII. THE INFLUENCE OF MIND ON MIND.

Personal Magnetism—The Mind of the Crowd—Unconscious Mental Influence—The Feeling of Superiority—Absence of Fear—Courage: The Primary Virtue—What is Bluff?—Sincerity and Enthusiasm—The Success Atmosphere—The Positive Outlook—Studies in Self-Knowledge: Concerning Survey—The Will—The System as a Whole—How to Practise it—Résumé of the Twelve Lessons—A Last Word.

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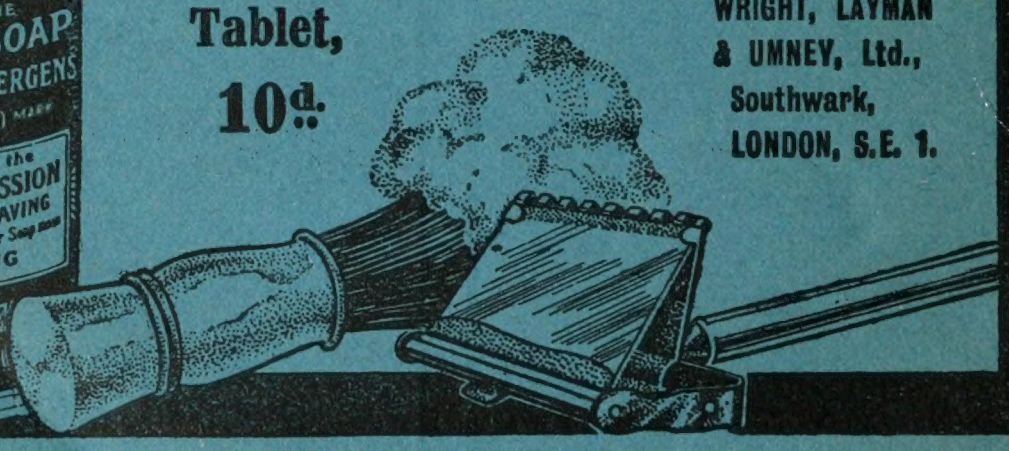

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